THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XVII | New York, Wednesday, January 25, 1933 | Number 13

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Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Reader's Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.

Published weekly and copyrighted 1933, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

THE CRISIS IN RELIEF

REPORTS from 166 cities throughout the country, published in the January number of the *Survey*, show that the Community Chest campaign has fallen considerably short of its goal. For the cities listed, the aggregate goal was $46,605,305. The amount raised was $39,641,152. There was a shortage of nearly $7,000,000. Competent observers, as the *Survey* points out, had expected this result. Since the drive of 1931, to raise the funds for 1932, tens of thousands of incomes in the upper brackets have been reduced; hundreds of thousands of former contributors to the chests have lost their jobs, or had their salaries or wages reduced. Moreover, the increase of public relief funds, not only took away some of the load resting on private relief, but it also "afforded an elegant alibi to the alibi-minded." The gap between what the cities needed to fill their community chests, and what they received, would have been much wider had not the chest organizations put forth such determined and effective efforts. For the men and women managing these drives well knew the imperative need for every dollar. And the dollars now lacking will mean more work and worry for them, and misery and perhaps despair for multitudes of men, women and children.

This result of the Community Chest campaign also directs attention to the menace that hangs over the whole country, and to avert which Mr. Newton D. Baker, the chairman of the National Citizens' Committee for the Welfare and Relief Mobilization of 1932, issues (through the *Survey*) an urgent plea to the forty state legislatures which are to meet during the next few months. According to Mr. Baker—and nobody knows the situation more broadly as well as thoroughly—"the immediate fate of our whole relief and welfare program seems to me to rest with these state bodies." With all the force of his authoritative position in this vast undertaking—the effort of the people themselves to maintain, if possible, the unique American system of private, municipal, state and federal coöperation in the social services as well as emergency relief—Mr. Baker clearly shows that the states are at present the weak link in the chain.

Total expenditures for relief have doubled in each year of the depression. According to the figures supplied by the United States Children's Bureau, "the expenditures in 1930 did not quite double those of 1929, but those of 1931 more than doubled those of 1930. Final figures for 1932 promise to be double

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those of 1931—or eight times those of 1929. "If this ratio continues," says Mr. Baker, "our 1933 expenditures will be sixteen times those of four years ago. Whether or not so great an increase will be necessary or possible no one can now say. We do know, however, that a considerable increase will be imperative. Where increased funds are to come from, especially during the next four months when the distress of this winter will reach its peak, becomes therefore a matter of immediate and practical concern."

What seems obvious, not only to Mr. Baker, but to many others, is that voluntary private resources for relief and for general welfare agencies have reached their limit, and at best are totally inadequate. Neighbors will help each other, families will bear greater and greater burdens for their own members, and the great mass of the very poor will continue that self-sacrifice and continuous coöperation lacking which society would crumble to pieces, but "for the large sums necessary to carry the bulk of the increase in obligatory relief we must, it seems, look elsewhere than to private givers."

It is to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Mr. Baker believes, that the country must turn to meet the emergency. Little more can be expected from municipal funds. For too many of the cities are literally on the verge of bankruptcy. Taxation, at least as regards real estate, the chief source of municipal revenue, cannot be borne. Municipal economies will effect nothing more than the maintenance of local governments—except in so far as they relax the financial strain on taxpayers, and thus enable them as individuals to give more freely to charitable causes. As for action during the present Congress in the direction of extending the reach of federal aid, Mr. Baker reports that in the opinion of interested Congressional leaders there is small likelihood of any alteration in policy during the life of the present Congress.

Meanwhile, "we will see to it that people do not starve," our communities are saying. They mean it; but can they keep their promise? Not unless more money comes from somewhere. And even if they manage this supreme task fairly well (for, after all, people are starving to death even now, and the full emergency is still pending), there is danger that it will be at the price of so injuring the basic social services that American life will be hampered and injured for generations to come. Says Mr. Baker: "In a sort of panic engendered by rising need, by shrinking local funds and by the legal limitations upon R.F.C. policies, they turn to measures which threaten to cut the life out of the social services which have become a distinctive and necessary part of our American life, and they overlook almost entirely the resource which seems to offer the most definite and immediate prospect of lubricating the whole situation. I refer to the direct use of state funds for relief. To bring more R.F.C. money into the relief situation this winter, to get more adequate total relief funds where they are needed, to ensure more effective relief administration and to save the social services of the hard-pressed communities we must, I am convinced, have more state fiscal participation in the relief program."

The states which have done most for relief from their own funds are those which have received the largest loans from the R.F.C.—such states as Illinois, Pennsylvania and Ohio. It is plainly the intent of the act setting up the R.F.C. that funds shall be made available by it not in lieu of but supplemental to local and state funds and private contributions.

It is therefore absolutely necessary for each state to formulate its policy for relief on a basis in which its own funds play a part in order to get a maximum amount of available R.F.C. funds for its use. Probably there will have to be some form of direct federal aid in addition to loans to states, but that is a problem of federal legislation, and will hardly arise before the special session is called, for that a special session will be called seems now to be generally conceded. But in the meanwhile, all organizations and individuals connected officially or unofficially with relief should immediately read Mr. Baker's lucid statement of the tremendous gravity of the crisis, and should bestir themselves to bring pressure upon the state legislatures to deal with it in the manner suggested by Mr. Baker. Surely our Catholic organizations have a special duty to consider this action, for effective charity is of the very essence of our holy religion.

WEEK BY WEEK

The Farm Bill

OFFICIAL Washington is in a genuinely indescribable state of chaos. If the citizen were not still confident that the impending March change would bring some light into the picture, he might well despair, invest in the currency of High Tibet and withdraw thither. Take for instance the Domestic Allotment Plan, which for plain every-day legislative purposes has now become the Jones Bill. With the general purposes and methods of the plan, we have been in complete sympathy for several reasons, among which the following are perhaps the most important: if tariffs on industrial products are to be fixed at a level far above world prices, something must be done to bring the products of agriculture to a level above world prices; and if there is to be any hypothetical bottom to the American debt structure, farm enterprise must attain at least a measure of liquidity, impossible if prices remain far below production costs. But the problem of how to administer the plan, which calls for a modicum of price fixing, of farmer coöperation and of subsidy collecting, was difficult to solve. Agricultural authorities relied upon using the county agent as a center round which neighborhood confidence could be established. The Jones Bill puts all the work of carrying out the plan upon the federal government, thus opening the door to a form of

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"paternalism" ruinous to agricultural self-stability and dangerous to the economic welfare of the nation as a whole. And more generally speaking, one thinks that every change or amendment written into this bill has meant a move in the wrong direction.

Item from India

INDIANS may understand India, but what Westerner can understand her? Her two dominant religions are beyond his spiritual and cultural purview; and her political situation, with these two systems, each so powerful, so profoundly and fiercely opposed to each other, is beyond the control of that democratic sagacity and formal toleration which are mainly what our history teaches. At the moment, for instance, Moslem tribesmen are on the warpath in Alwar, up in the north central part of the country; and far, far to the southwest, in Bombay, a cricket match has turned into a riot and a minor massacre in consequence. A Pathan—member of the Afghan hill men who are scattered throughout India, and are among the bravest Mohammedan warriors—was struck by a cricket ball hit by a Hindu boy. He attacked the boy. Other Hindus and Mohammedans rushed in, and three were dead and twenty-two wounded before police reserves arrived to stop the fray. No one pretends that riot and bloodshed are confined to India; but such an incident in India involves different classes of the population, and stands for a different problem, than in any Western country—our own, for example, which in some places will kill a man readily enough. It gives one a measure of the courage of Gandhi, who sees his country as a unit, and is willing to take all the risks of unity.

Glamorous Innocents

THERE is nothing like a depression for carrying on a good old American tradition. We are proud of being a sham-busting nation, a high percentage of the literary expression of which is devoted to essays on what lies behind façades. But since 1929 the false front had cracked of its own accord, leaving exposed an amount of gullibility in high places severely trying to those who once believed American business leadership the best in the world. Thus, though Mr. Samuel Insull himself still resides among the Greeks, some of his erstwhile abettors in this land doubtless feel as if they were Persians. Even Mr. Owen D. Young apparently had no suspicion that the "financial wizard" of Chicago was no fit guardian for funds which belonged to investors in General Electric bonds. Yet all this is mere trifling compared to the seeming willingness of investment bankers to cram down Ivan Kreuger's throat the good dollars of Uncle Sam.

DURING the past week hearings before the functioning Senate Committee showed that only an accountant surmised in 1932 that all could not be well with the Swedish Ponzi. The directors of Lee, Higginson on the other hand were not only completely taken in but seem to have been glad to let Kreuger have his way about everything. According to the New York *Herald Tribune* summary, the $50,000,000 worth of Kreuger and Toll debentures sold in 1929 were secured by government bonds, most of which were French securities. The directors of Lee, Higginson then suffered a clause to be inserted in the contract, permitting the substitution of other worthless government bonds for the above-named French securities. This kindness was appreciated and used to the full, but our good Yankee financiers, noted for honesty and shrewdness, took no alarm. After all they were motivated by sentiments of generosity and confidence. Indeed so quixotically did they proceed that their failure to proclaim the news of Kreuger's suicide resulted in a heavy profit for French speculators and an equally substantial loss for their American clients. One is driven to suspect that the sceptical accountant must have been a Frenchman or at least an Eskimo. A man so utterly devoid of faith in his fellow man surely was not born here. The moral of which is that the thoughtful citizen who fails to read at least some parts of recent reports of Senate inquiries into the conduct of finance is an enormous ass who merits the visitations of at least one more Kreuger.

Harvard and Cicero

CICERO retired from public life to pursue wisdom with tranquillity. The object was to extract, with the help of the philosophers, the ethical juice from the fruit of experience. For most moderns, however, wisdom lies in the effort rather than in the finding. We are working toward an eventual accumulation of knowledge, but what interests us most is the mastery that comes with knowing—mastery both of the external world and of ourselves as men. Frequently, therefore, people have indulged in visions of scholars gathered solely for the purpose of study. In some hallowed place, wisdom is to find a shrine outside which the noises of the world become, as in Longfellow's cathedral, an indistinguishable roar. Bacon set forth one such vision in the "New Atlantis." Abraham Cowley gave definite outlines to still another, possibly even more attractive. Oxford strove to make a relatively similar dream come true. Dr. Flexner, influenced more by the example of the German Kaiser-Wilhelm Institut, is busily preparing his retreat for the learned in Princeton. Now President Lowell, retiring from Harvard, has made provision to endow a "Society of Fellows," young men whose thought is to be abstracted for a time from the practical and dedicated to inquiry for its own sake. We admire the purpose and the effort. It is clearly the final part of the work which Dr. Lowell, surely the finest educator of our generations, set out to do. His achievement has been giving the American university a content of its own rather than acquiescing in the contemporary stunt

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of making it some part of a mythical "ladder" of intellectual and mnemonic progress.

Divorce by Collusion

WITH the sentiments of Mr. Clarence E. Martin, the president of the American Bar Association, as they are reported in press stories of the Women's Bar Association dinner in Washington, we have respectful sympathy. It is an undoubted fact that most American divorces are "friendly proceedings," the fruit of "collusion." It is a fact that this arrangement, though less "bold and open" than that of Russia, is practically as effective; and that many lawyers connive at the practice, though this is "not alone an unprofessional but an illegal act." But though we agree in deploring all this, we have no hope that Mr. Martin's crusade for a "tightening of divorce laws" will have any effect whatever. Logic and experience alike forbid it. There is no logical reason why, if divorce is permitted at all, collusion should be forbidden; there is no effective way of forbidding it; and that fact is now working to the surface in the divorce situation in this country, in actuality if not in legal theory. Collusion is still legally forbidden, much as bootlegging is; but that is about all. And, we sorrowfully repeat, this result was always predictable. Mr. Chesterton once pointed out that a law is like a dog: turn it loose, it will follow its own nature, not yours.

THE NATURE of the divorce law is that it admits the human will as a solvent of the marriage contract; contrary to the sacramental theory of marriage which holds it unassailable by the human will, however just the grievances alleged by that will. Once you have admitted the exception, the rest follows—not immediately, but irresistibly. If unfaithfulness or physical cruelty are causes, why not incompatibility? If incompatibility, why not boredom? What court can say which causes less subjective suffering, or which should be denied relief? Not that monogamy is unsuited to the human race. Our Lord's own words tell us that "from the beginning" it was the divinely ordained law of union, and history shows it to be the basis of the most enriching personal relation and the most stable and happy society. But monogamy (we intend, of course, the sacramental, not the merely legal, sense) is hard, almost, at times, in proportion to its value. And the human race, in some moods, will seize on any exception from what is hard, no matter what the consequences. And there is a further factor, that the original theory of divorce, and these later developments, inevitably shape the approach of more and more people to marriage itself; they make that approach more and more provisional and tentative, so that today many contracting parties are potential partners to a collusive divorce at the very altar. And so court practice has steadily kept pace with the public's growing realization of these facts; and so finally the "friendly divorce" appears, as logically as an apple on an apple-tree.

The Year's Football Fatalities

OWING to the fact that we have had no extremely severe football accidents followed by deaths almost dramatic in their intimate connection with the games, such as characterized the season of 1931, most people are inclined to think that the new rules adopted last year have accomplished the purpose for which they were introduced, of lessening the dangers from football. That consummation so devoutly to be wished remains to be seen, however. The *Journal of the American Medical Association,* the representative organ of the regular medical profession of over 100,000 physicians, in an editorial in its number for December 24, 1932, reviews the football fatality situation, and the statistics show that conditions are by no means so favorable as many are inclined to think. It is true that the number of fatalities is less than in 1931, but as the editor says this "statement would be consoling were it not followed by the admission that the present year's figure of fatalities is the second greatest for any year during which national records have been kept." Altogether there were some two score of fatalities, perhaps more, for the statistics were not complete when the editor commented. The casualty list late in November records thirty-seven deaths. The majority of these were among students, though only five were college men, but there were some seventeen high school students sacrificed to the game. Fifteen of the mortal injuries were in sand lots and semi-professional or club team games. Broken necks and injuries to the brain were the most prominent causes of death.

THE QUESTION is, is football worth this annual slaughter? In spite of the depression, there have been some record figures of attendance at the more important games, so it is evident that the public wants football, but is it willing to have the young men of the country pay this very high price in fatal or serious accidents? In addition to these mortal injuries, a great many college students were hurt and a still greater number of high school students were injured, some of them rather seriously. The *Yale Alumni Weekly* for the first week in December expressed great regret because their team had suffered from "a succession of injuries to various pivotal players." Usually these injuries are not mere passing muscular strains or bruises, but are often much more serious. Many of these husky young fellows suffered from sprained knees and shoulders that will continue to be disturbing factors in life for many years. And so long as there is a single death recorded in football, that game can scarcely be called a sport. Football is a valuable discipline for body and character, but it is surely not worth the series of deaths that take place every year, nor the numerous injuries so many of which will prove a handicap through life for the men who suffered from them. We hope that the next session of the intercollegiate rules committee on football will take seriously to heart

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the question of making football much less dangerous than it is at the present time.

DEATH is a sobering thing for the living to witness. For the dead one, of course, it is a matter of more than the immortal moment. The revelations are that for those who die without benefit of faith, the post-death happiness or unhappiness will depend on a sort of algebraic sum of the plus and minuses of ethical, or in other words just plain good, behavior. For those who are not only on the side of the angels but also in league with seeing God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven, there can be beautiful, dramatic variations on the autonomic equations of the merely ethical. These are whiffs of the variety on the other side. Dull dogs who have tried to think all these things out simply by cogitations inside their own skulls, have generally got no further than thinking of the other side as a place of tedious order. Those who have opened their minds to revelation, however, know of the marvelously unpredictable actions of grace, and the kind of fourth-dimensional, corner-cutting actions of sacraments, not to speak of the bewildering incidence of miracles. And that wisdom which is so largely a matter of intelligent humility, the understanding of our limitations, appreciates too that it can grasp only hints of the more and more abundant life *ad infinitum*.

Death

MOST of us, of course, put the thought of death out of mind from foolish fear and from a nostalgia for the ephemeral little things of this life, which nostalgia is one of the principal preoccupations of pagans, self-pitiers and the painfully tender sentimentalists. As a matter of fact, we have intimations that if we have within us the springtides of enduring life that will put us with those who will be glad to be alive in the next world, we shall be released from our present relentless time-serving and shall be able to skate at will in any of the infinite directions of time, run back to see that tree that was in blossom, with the sky and the melting clouds behind it, and pause over that perfect moment of beauty in God's very large gardens, or savor again some little incident of charity, which we witnessed between humble people in the midst of life and that seemed buried in it, imperishably alive with candor, and feeling and truth. These things were called to mind by the announcement that in New York state during the last recorded month, general death and infant mortality rates were lower than ever before, but suicides were at a new high peak. Death through the sickness of un-faith, surely that is the most horrible and unfortunate. These poor creatures that die for want of hope of a more abundant life, who are not pro life but reach the ultimate of contra life, may they, as Dante envisioned, have a life like trees in the next world. God have mercy on them, and let us not judge even so much as Dante judged, that they shall be sad trees.

WAR AND MORALS

ANYBODY who is in earnest about contemporary society and the threat of war will not have to be told that popular sentiment changes rapidly and easily. In 1919 a clear majority of citizens in all countries of the Western world favored peace at almost any cost; and that is the mood which even today is characteristic of large groups in the United States. Nevertheless one would be sadly misguided if one believed that the opposition to war is anywhere nearly as strong as it was in the days when soldiers crept out of trenches in which they had lived during four terrible years. One generation is not very mindful of the experiences of its predecessor. The lessons of history are, as the platitude declares, the most speedily forgotten. Therefore this question of war and peace will never be settled until there exists a firmly established body of ethical principle in the light of which it can be judged.

To say bluntly that war is murder and must be forbidden under all circumstances does not solve the problem. Such statements are mere assertions, useful enough to rally groups of extremists who, for Christian or humanitarian reasons, oppose bloodshed. Right and wrong cannot, however, be determined thus simply. If there were nothing to be said in favor of war, it would have been discountenanced long ago. Unfortunately arming and fighting in modern history are often associated with a struggle for freedom against oppression. Though the French Revolutionists were nationalistic and belligerent at heart, they were certainly welded into a great army by the enmity of neighboring princes. The German efforts to throw off the yoke of Napoleon, or the Italian campaign against Austria, had too much nobility about them not to tempt some of us in the present to dreams of throwing off our oppressors with similar epic combats. Your modern militarist meets with a hearing simply because the instinct to defend a right and to throw off the burden of tyranny is stronger in the human heart than is the fear of death or of poverty.

Therefore Catholic morality has been hesitant to propose a ready-made solution of the difficulty. Its teachers have first of all been conscious of the history of the question. From Saint Augustine to Suarez, the weight of tradition is on the side of those who hold that although war is an evil, there may be cases in which it is a necessary evil. Agreement concerning these cases was hardly to be expected, since the application of any general principle to concrete circumstances demands almost never-ending discussion. Broadly speaking, however, one may say that the ethicists believed: first, that war might legitimately be fought to defend an authentic right; second, that war might be justified when a conflict between states over a contested right could be settled in no other way.

Are these beliefs tenable today? Since the war, the number of moralists who have firmly said "No" has increased considerably. Thus, for example, Cardinal

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Faulhaber stated some time ago that modern conditions were so different from those prevailing in the past as to modify greatly the reasoning of the traditional ethicists. Yet it was not until recently that a real community of conviction on the subject has been attained. During the past three years, Swiss, German and French theologians have met at Fribourg to discuss the problem. Late in 1931, they published a preliminary joint conclusion, for the text of and commentary on which we are indebted to two excellent French periodicals, *La Vie Intellectuelle* and *La Nouvelle Revue Théologique*. It is a document of such interest that there should certainly be vigorous discussion of it in the United States, which is now threatened with the disease of reversion to nationalism in its evil form.

Conforming with the usual practice of deriving all principles from the natural law, the conference first declared that "sociability" with others ought to be regarded as a necessary trait of any state, and that as a matter of fact "international relations" are an undeniable part of modern social development. A single state cannot any longer defend its rights or even its existence without associating itself in some manner with other states. It follows, therefore, that the question of the morality of a given war cannot at present be asked without taking cognizance of the "sociability" or the "international relations" referred to above. In times when neither existed, the legitimacy of a war was consequently an entirely different matter. This reasoning is novel but sound. Briefly summarized it means: modern states exist side by side with an international society (or embryo state) which also has its rights, not to be ignored by any government that proclaims a correct definition of sovereignty.

Against this new background the examination of the right and wrong of war must be placed. The conference first considered the morality of a declaration of war. The answer is long but of the deepest interest. Although international society has not yet reached a stage of full development, "it is nevertheless evident that it has already been established by numerous juridical and political instruments destined to establish human order and peace." Under these conditions, a state cannot legitimately declare war without having taken its case to "the juridical institutions now existing." Viewed in principle, such a declaration must be "condemned by the collective as well as the individual conscience." Regarded in the light of fact, the declaration would be particularly reprehensible, since the results of modern war are so horrible as to render any pretense of "serving the common good" an idle travesty. On the other hand, a nation cannot be denied the right of self-defense. Only this right cannot properly be claimed until the agencies of international society have failed, nor must it be used to justify a subsequent punitive expedition against the enemy.

This is no doubt the first time in modern history that an assembly of Catholic theologians agreed that the international society now existing is an established institution based on the natural law. Nor did these moralists hesitate to draw the conclusions. To the state they ascribed the duty of helping to foster this international society, and of abiding by its decisions. Their mandate to the individual is still clearer: "It is today the citizen's duty and personal privilege—especially if he be a Christian—to labor in behalf of institutions which lessen the danger of war, to contribute what he can to fortifying, psychologically and socially, the natural society of peoples, and to profess sound ethical doctrine concerning international relations." Thus while little survives of the right of war, the right of peace is emphasized vigorously.

And precisely that is the question. Has a nation, has an individual citizen, a right to peace? What is the status of the Christian in a state controlled by chauvinistic elements? The Fribourg conference has made it possible to reply to these questions in a rational manner. Formerly Catholics, when pressed, were wont to declare that they belonged to an international church, the rights of which might transcend those of a state. Which is, of course, true. But the declaration had little to do with the specific question of war and peace. In practical life, the Church is without the power, or indeed the authority, to decide whether a given declaration of war is just. Its own collective mandates possess no political force. But if there is an international society, then the citizen has a clear right—yes, under given circumstances a clear duty—to prefer its decision to that of the state under which he lives.

It will not have escaped attention that the Fribourg conclusions greatly add to the importance of existing international institutions. Of course it would be wrong to impute to them an authoritativeness neither claimed nor claimable for them. Though the present mind of the Church is clearly on the side of peace, we lack any specific doctrinal statements to which assent must be given by Catholics. Yet it does seem to us, as it seems to the learned contributor to *La Nouvelle Revue Théologique*, that there has now been provided an adequate speculative basis for discussion of the problems. Clearly international society is the only conceivable basis for the right of peace. This right the individual may sometimes fairly claim for himself, but one's own personal convictions are thin ice on which to skate to so momentous a decision. What is needed is an unimpeachable collective right, and this has now been provided.

Of course all rights have corollary duties; and from our point of view the obligation of laboring to effect a sound international order is one of them. Neither the League of Nations nor the World Court is by any manner of means what it ought to be. But is there anyone naive enough to believe that his country has achieved perfection? We shall, indeed, probably never love international society as we do a native land. It is not necessary that we should. But to many of us the thought occurs that affection for a country will be much simpler and more enduring if it is honestly dedicated to the principles upheld by international society.

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THE "SECRET" OF JOAN OF ARC

By H. A. JULES-BOIS

NOT ONLY during her momentous and short life, but ever since, Joan of Arc has stirred the imagination of men, her life has been calumniated and her death itself denied. Books written about her show her escaping the flames of the stake, then married and the mother of children, and dying of old age. This prodigy of course was not the saint but a famous humbug called Joan des Armoises, of whom Anatole France made so much. This feminine impostor took Honfleur by storm, and deceived not only the good Duchess of Luxemburg associated with the real Joan, but even the brothers of La Pucelle who recognized Des Armoises as their own sister. The city of Orléans gave her a triumphal welcome. Only Charles VII refused to be mystified. When he received the adventuress, he tested her by questions as to the famous "secret" which the genuine Joan had revealed to him and of which the other knew nothing. Thus the career of the Dame des Armoises ended; she confessed that she was not Joan of Arc.

At present French scholars and journalists are again discussing the problem of the "secret" of Joan of Arc, about which new discoveries are said to have been made. The topic is not without interest. All the admirers and devotees of the saint, as well as historic investigators, are earnestly following this vehement controversy. The *Mercure de France* recently published two long studies by M. Jacobi, a newcomer, who is astonishing professional historians by his interpretations of texts already known, interpretations romantic and disconcerting because fundamentally at variance with conclusions accepted for centuries.

According to this new critic, the Pucelle d'Orléans was not, as we have long believed, a village girl, but the scion of the illegitimate amour of Isabeau of Bavaria and Louis, Duke of Orléans, who was murdered by John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy. So Joan won the absolute confidence of the Dauphin at Chinon, from her very first interview with him, by telling him her secret—that she was one of the family! Hence she was entrusted with the command of the French army and had showered upon her the princely honors of the Court of the Valois; and this, because of her birth, not because of her revelations. M. Jacobi is deeply in earnest and armed with numerous supporting commentaries; for he deems it inconceivable that a simple country girl should have been able to accomplish so much; he believes in titles and heredity.

Now what are the arguments and proofs offered by M. Jacobi? They are, it seems to me, chiefly hypotheses or coincidences and what Americans call "guesses." First, in his opinion, Joan, if born in 1411 or 1412, was much too young to achieve so many extraordinary exploits, and be so wise. He is reluctant to admit that everything is extraordinary in the life and death of the Maid (and it is that which makes her what she is). He wants a more natural Joan. Think of it, according to reliable historians she was burnt before her twentieth year! Such youth is too unlikely. But in 1407, the Queen Isabeau had given birth to a daughter called Joan who died the same day. According to M. Jacobi, this death was only pretended. The infant was committed to the care of good peasants, partizans of the French cause, who raised her as their own child. A time came when Joan was informed of her real origin by one of the knights of Vaucouleurs, who later was to be her escort to Chinon. Naturally—I say "naturally" versus "supernaturally"—knowing herself as "Orléans," she worked with enthusiasm for the liberation of the besieged city, and had easily induced the Dauphin to adopt her designs, being his relative. (And this, following M. Jacobi, with the complicity of Charles's confessor!) In the same manner would be explained her ennoblement and that of her family; also the respect shown her by the grandees; her courtly manners; the household which was set up for her, as for a person of high rank, etc. Since she is for him a left-hand princess, M. Jacobi understands better her zeal for the town of Orléans, for her half-brother, the king, and the poet Charles of Orléans, her full-brother, prisoner in England, whom she wanted to free at any price, even by a military expedition. Granting such conditions, there is no further need to take account of this supposed "impossibility," her Voices and her providential mission. The supremely beautiful adventure amounts to but a plot, in which the Maid is a marionette in the hands of priests, nobles and captains. What relief for the materially minded! Cauchon himself is thrilled in his grave.

But . . . there is a "but," there are even innumerable "buts." To begin with, how could this transfer of the semi-royal infant to Domrémy be accomplished without fracas or at least some report being spread in the village and from there throughout the kingdom? With the difficulties of travel at that time, a month would have elapsed. Now would a new-born infant have been easily mistaken for a month-old baby? Joan had at Domrémy several godfathers and godmothers, names of five of whom appeared in the Rouen *procès-verbaux*. The priest who baptized her was christened Jean Mignet; he was still living at the time of the condemnation trial. Joan herself solemnly declared that she was nineteen (and not twenty-three, as the date of 1407 for her birth would indicate), that "her father's name was Jacques d'Arc and her mother's, Isabelle Romée." She said this, after kneeling and "with her two hands upon the book, namely the Missal, swearing to answer truthfully." As noted by Mark Twain, "it

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is the only history of a human life which comes to us under oath." If M. Jacobi were right, La Pucelle would be perjured.

As to historical questions, one ought to weigh the testimonies. Joan's authentic and authenticated words have quite another value than the writings of, for instance, a chronicler like Villaret, who was born two centuries later, liked scandals and had no critical sense. Joan's sincerity was indubitable. One does not lie, except for profit. By affirming to Cauchon that all came to her through her Voices and the grace of God, she knew that she ran a grave risk, chiefly when facing stanch enemies like her judges. It made certain her condemnation for witchery. On the contrary, being a daughter of the Duke of Orléans and of the Queen Isabeau, she had the King of England as a cousin. By revealing this to the wicked and timorous tribunal, she would have terribly perplexed them.

Now I wonder whether or not Charles VII would have been any better disposed toward her, had he learned or known beforehand she was his half-sister? Kings do not like imbroglios of this kind. Would he have put more confidence in her from the military viewpoint? I doubt it. Was noble birth a warrant for victory? The conquest or loss of his kingdom was paramount with the King of France. Neither Isabeau of Bavaria, nor Louis of Orléans had been considered thunderbolts of war. Moreover, at that time, Charles was in love with religion, if I may use such an expression. He was devout and interested in the prophetess, Marie d'Avignon, who had so much impressed his father, Charles VI. His piety was casual, and the end of his life was unprincipled and appallingly perturbed with morbid fears leading him to starvation. But in Joan's time, Agnes Sorel did not exist, nor his cruel son, later Louis XI. Despite his fits of fatuousness, Charles had then a certain sentiment of his regal duty. Already a "phobiac" and a hypochondriac, what he needed was not a new relative but a mental and spiritual physician. Joan resuscitated his dying soul by the radiant comfort of her faith, hope, youth. The fact that she came from a lowly condition, with a total confidence in his destiny, made him better believe he was the expectation of France.

Even in less important details, M. Jacobi is not thorough. He assumes that the coat of arms awarded by Charles to Joan's family (she herself never cared for it, personally) was a token of bastardy. But an expert in heraldry claims that Jacobi's argumentation shows ignorance of the armorial art. If Dunois's blazon registered the illegitimacy of his birth, that of "Du Lys" was nothing of the kind, but the simple and clear testimony of the ennoblement of the D'Arc family.

What remains of a painful and inaccurate paradox, we already knew. Queen Isabeau was not a paragon of virtue; if Freud had lived in her time, he would likely have prized her as a wonderful clinical case of libido's ravages, incest not being excepted. Moreover, her husband, King Charles VI, was hopelessly sick and furthermore insane. Public rumor suspected Louis, Duke of Orléans, of intimacy with Isabeau. This belongs to the chronicle of scandal. The most probable induction is that the ambitious Louis, brother of Charles VI, used his influence on an almost forlorn woman who yet had power and will-power. He sincerely wanted the good of the kingdom. He aroused the ire of the fearless Duke of Burgundy, who coveted the crown of France, and Louis was cowardly assassinated by his rival. This is genuine fact. As to the infant "Joan," daughter of Isabeau, born in 1407, there is no shadow of proof that she was not a scion of the king; on the contrary, studies have been made, demonstrating that several months previous to her birth Charles VI had one of his rare periods of freedom from delirium, and so was permitted to see the queen. Furthermore nothing allows us to presume that the infant's death was a forgery; nor that the birth of Joan of Arc at Domrémy could be, even for an instant, reasonably doubted.

To be sure, Joan had a profound affection for the reigning house of France. To her the king represented her country, and the saintly girl was a patriot. She also, through a quite natural reaction against the Burgundians, both traitors to France and allies of the English, entertained a sort of veneration for the son of Louis of Orléans. A valiant soldier of France, the young Charles of Orléans had been taken prisoner and brought to England, where he was writing delightful melancholy poems. A great injustice was wrought on him by his enemies who, in spite of the laws of chivalry, kept him in their country and, at the same time, tried to rob him of his city of Orléans. The warm and noble feeling of Joan for him was shared by all France, whose romantic idol he was.

Lastly, how not consider as preposterous the so-called discovery of a vast plot organized by the nobles, the captains and, above all, by the clergy, with Joan as a pious puppet? M. Jacobi falls into Anatole France's prejudicial error. A machination of this kind hardly would have resulted in the wave of enthusiasm and rejuvenation which swept over France, previously dejected by the Hundred Years War. Tricks can succeed in society, but only truth produces miracles. Only the greatest of the clergy, such as Jacques Gelu, Archbishop of Embrun, and Jean Gerson, "the most famous divine in France," understood Joan at first. The majority of them were doubtful of her mission. Prudence is a virtue. For one Joan of Arc, how many mountebanks, hysterical fakes and impostors! Anyhow, priests and theologians, instead of making a bloc in her favor, were divided on her account. Not until centuries after her death did the Church unanimously acclaim the martyr-warrior as saint.

Now the fairy-tale of the daughter of Isabeau and Louis is not new. It originated, more than a century ago, in the idle brain of M. Case, one of those French *sous-prefets* whom Alphonse Daudet celebrated *cum*

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grano salis in "Les Contes de Mon Moulin." A sub-prefect has little to do in his town except in election times, when he has to win votes. Without perhaps knowing Case's claims, M. Jacobi repeated, under a new form and with additional conjectures, the assumptions of this sub-prefect of Bergerac, who wrote a pamphlet on Joan, about 1804, when kidnapped children were the fashion in European literature. Case had, according to friendly reports, more wit than veracity.

It was not long before this Gascon was courteously but implacably refuted by a colleague of his, M. Lebrun des Charmettes, sub-prefect of Saint Calais. The latter was not, like Case, an improvisor, but the precursor of the great Quicherat; in several volumes he summed up the best works on the life of La Pucelle d'Orléans. In his fourth volume (pages 420 to 436) he sets at naught the "thick-coming fancies" of Case on the bastardy of Joan of Arc.

Then, what was the "secret" which this sublime maid confided to the Dauphin at Chinon? It is known through the reports of the worthiest historiographers who agree thereupon. This "secret" came not from men but from God Himself, namely from her Voices. By their agency, she had learned, in long meditations, the doubts entertained by Charles concerning his legitimacy. These perplexities and fears annihilated his courage and ruined his health of body and mind. She gave back to the weak prince the trust both in himself and in the certainty of his royal blood. Then Joan "repeated to the King a mental prayer which he had made in a despairing hour asking of Heaven that, if he were the legitimate heir of the kingdom, God would defend him, or at the worst grant him the grace to escape without death or prison, allowing him to retire to Spain or Scotland." Indeed Joan brought to him the long-awaited sign; and she was the sign itself. She gave proof of this at the siege at Orléans. It was the accomplishment of her mission by victory.

There is, in M. Jacobi's thesis, no crucial or even slight evidence in support of his objections against Joan's sainthood and her Voices, nothing that has not been previously brought to light. Like many critics, otherwise well-endowed, he refuses to accept the miraculous, even when substantiated by facts, and will not bow to the superiority inherent in heroes and geniuses. That a farm girl had received from nature and Heaven those gifts which make great leaders or great statesmen, is incredible to these "modernist" minds. These detractors, perhaps sincerely, believe that genius must be acquired, that it is artfully manufactured. They are "smashers of haloes," for they set aside with contempt the sanctity by which God grants to his elect privileges which do not belong to others. That Joan was a genius, a hero, and a saint history confirms. And it is her Voices and Apparitions alone which explain everything. If this era is too enlightened to consider as authoritative such portents, then man has fallen so low as to be forever cut off from that within us which is divine—or that which we are capable of receiving from God! Against this obstinate belittling of man and woman, biologist-philosophers, like Bergson, have recently protested by emphatic appreciation of the rôle of heroes and saints in history.

In the case of Joan, the naturalistic solution, instead of being rational and scientific, ends in a romance still more incredible than the truth. To turn against history and endeavor to bend the very facts and circumstances to fantastic conceptions, is flagrant error and sheer absurdity. With possibly the best faith in the world, these critics travesty documentation and distort logic. To legend they relegate the narratives of great historians like Henri Martin, Jules Michelet, Lamartine, Andrew Lang, Albert Bigelow Paine, who, notwithstanding their personal views of God, man and the universe, loyally bowed their opinion and pen in the presence of reality. Not giving credence to them, they resort to pamphleteers like Villaret or to paradox-mongers such as "ce bon Monsieur Case," the sub-prefect of Bergerac, whom no scholar has ever taken seriously.

After they have decreed that Joan, heroic, inspired and holy, is a fairy-tale for children, they splash in the morass of their own groundless suppositions. The Maid of Orléans, so original, so courageous, they would have the half-unconscious tool of a baroque conspiracy between clerics, nobles and soldiers. Out of whole cloth they machinate the cheap claptrap of a bastard, product of Isabeau of Bavaria and the Duke of Orléans. They strive to dishonor gratuitously not only the saint but all the personages of this great drama. The impostor Joan, making use of her hallucinations to disguise her pretended royal ancestry! What monstrous materialistic psychology, rising against patriotism, spiritual powers, common sense and the reality of events. Joan would have perished for a futile falsehood! As if rogues and liars were capable of going, for their roguery and lie, to meet a long and cruel martyrdom!

"And There Was Nothing Hid from Him"

So runs the Scripture—yet I wonder when
All things to Him were first made manifest.
Surely the little Christ at Mary's breast
Found the supremest mystery that men

Will ever dream. Surely when He was small
His Father gave Him that ecstatic thing
Amazement, and the gift of questioning,
And curiosity concerning all

His childish world. Oh He was not *too* wise
I think, when He was very young. He went
Eager and dreamful down the days; surprise
Sat in His glance, and the gay wonderment
That shines in children's eyes!

SARA HENDERSON HAY.

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THE QUANDARIES OF CUBA

By WALTER E. HARDIN

FOR THE past eighty-five years the people of Cuba have been plotting and warring for their independence. In 1933 they seem as far short of that goal as they were in 1898, on the eve of the United States intervention, which crushed the power of Spain and resulted finally in the establishment of a Cuban republic. Thereby the luckless Cuban was simply given a change of liege lords. His wealthy compatriots who replaced the Spanish oppressor and continued thus as the masters of the island, are carrying on the old Spanish tradition in a worthy manner. The camps of the *reconcentrados* and other evils of the bitter decades that preceded the Spanish-American War are now but memories, yet the cold cynicism that underlay Madrid's treatment of its Antillean colonists is a heritage of Cuba's rulers of today.

Cuba's 4,000,000 people support a standing army of 15,000 or more men, maintained not for the defense of the country from an alien foe, but to protect the government and to keep it in office. The present administration has erected an elaborate espionage system wherein the nefarious practices of the *agent provocateur* are widely observed. Bombs are constantly planted to annihilate the country's officials from the president down to humbler authorities. A recent victim of assassins was Havana's chief of secret police, who was riddled with slugs fired from sawed-off shotguns in an assault reminiscent of Chicago's gang warfare, as he motored on the famous Malecon. For years the country has been seething with revolutionary plots. Yet the régime of President Gerardo Machado thrives with the approval of the State Department in Washington, and the bankers in New York, and this approval is worth more to the Cuban administration than an army corps or a hundred fighting planes.

About six thousand Americans comprise the permanent colony in Cuba. They raise and deal in sugar and tobacco, manufacture cigars, operate Cuba's power, light and telephone systems, and sell the Cubans automobiles, insecticides, typewriters and canned goods. They are the brothers, sons and nephews of the army of indignant volunteers who braved the terrors of Spanish bullets, malaria and the American War Department commissary for the sake of humanity at the close of the last century. However they seem to be little moved by the appalling events that are of almost daily occurrence around them. In the quarters of the American Club on the Prado, the latest bombing, naval uprising or official assassination is discussed with a marked degree of nonchalance. The price of sugar is the topic of real importance to them.

At the root of Cuba's ills lies the sugar situation, a severe economic problem, aggravated by the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Law, which has operated to thrust the Cuban sugar industry into a condition approximating bankruptcy. The tariff of two cents per pound, ostensibly imposed to protect the relatively unimportant beet-sugar growers of the Western United States, has, in effect, almost ruined Cuba. Meanwhile Porto Rican, Hawaiian and Philippine sugar, entering the United States free of duty, has threatened to replace the Cuban product. Of these three centers of production, the Philippines have profited most, and it is possible to raise there sufficient sugar to supply all the needs of the United States.

About 75 percent of the sugar mills in Cuba are controlled by United States capital. Many of the companies have gone into receivership. These American sugar producers, in their battle against the sugar tariff, draw attention to the fact that Cuba lies only eighty-seven miles from the mainland of the United States, whereas Philippine sugar must be brought thousands of miles to the same market. They point out that 75 percent of the Philippine sugar industry is owned by non-Americans, that American capital invested in Philippine cane fields and mills does not surpass the sum of $50,000,000, while the stake of United States capital in Cuba's sugar exceeds $1,000,000,000.

Prior to 1922, when the Fordney Act was passed, boosting the sugar tariff to one and three-quarter cents per pound, Cuba was at the zenith of her prosperity. There was no unemployment on the island, a wide feeling of security was evident, and public works were in full swing. Suburbs of Havana were developed, beautiful and costly homes were built, new roads were constructed and old ones improved. High-priced automobiles rolled silently over concrete pavements, bearing the bejeweled wives and daughters of men whose fathers and grandsires had fought in the terrible jungle warfare of independence.

It was a short-lived prosperity. Cuba is now struggling under the burden of a national indebtedness exceeding $220,000,000, with an annual budget of more than $50,000,000, for which a balance is being sought by a program of taxation, higher and more widespread, perhaps, than in any other country of the western hemisphere except the United States. Cuba's rubber-stamp Congress, functioning as an organized corps of yes-men at the behest of President Machado, has been piling tax upon tax, duty upon duty, with the entire structure of the cost of living on the island rising to terrific proportions. Foreign commodities which are also produced in Cuba are barred by high protective customs duties, but lately enacted consumption taxes are now imposed upon the home products as well. Even sugar is subjected to domestic taxation.

In 1903, by terms of a customs treaty between the United States and Cuba, the former was granted pref-

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erential exemptions of from 20 to 40 percent of customs duties on a wide range of exports, and thereby was aided in building up a Cuban market for North American products that reached $515,000,000 in 1920. This business has rapidly declined, and Cuba's imports from the United States in 1932 may not exceed $40,000,000. The new Cuban consumption taxes, in reality, apply as surtaxes over the regular customs duties, and actually nullify the provisions of the 1903 treaty so far as certain imports from the United States are concerned. An example is the consumption tax on wheat flour, which is applied at the customs house. No wheat is raised in Cuba.

At the beginning of the fiscal year, July 1, 1932, Cuba's funded debt totaled $182,481,000, apportioned as follows: exterior obligations, $58,388,000; interior obligations, $7,886,000; public works debt, $87,500,000; sugar stabilization bond issue, $28,708,000. This did not include bankers' credits of more than $22,250,000, most of which is past due, nor the sum of nearly $2,000,000 owing to a large American road building company, which was to have collected this sum in monthly instalments of $50,000 each. The floating debt at the outset of the current fiscal year was estimated at about $40,000,000.

Cuba's national budget for the fiscal year was set at $51,500,000. It includes an item of $7,320,425, set aside to meet interest and amortization on the regular funded debt, exclusive of the public works debt. But no provision is made in the budget for a payment of $11,000,000 on the public works indebtedness, nor the sum of $2,278,125, representing short term bankers' credits which must be repaid during the first five months of the fiscal year. Furthermore, it lacks provisions for the $600,000 to be paid on the debt to the paving company.

The largest single item on the budget of the 1932-1933 fiscal year (which incidentally is $10,000,000 lower than that of the preceding fiscal year) is that providing for the upkeep of the army, for which $9,797,844 is alloted. It exceeds the sum devoted to the maintenance of the country's schools by more than $2,500,000. Only $577,500 is appropriated for the department of agriculture, and Cuba is entirely an agricultural country. The excessive figure of $3,579,078 is applied in the budget for pensions to veterans of the Cuban wars for independence and their indigent survivors.

It is problematical whether the tax laws already passed or those still in contemplation will provide sufficient revenue to balance the budget. As staple commodities, such as flour, rice, animal fats and sugar, are laden with consumption taxes, these commodities are priced so high that they will most likely be placed out of reach of the purchasing power of the masses of the country's population, a large proportion of whom are unemployed. Thousands of others are laboring at starvation wages, scaling down to rates as low, in many instances, as ten cents per day.

The prospect for these people is a dark one indeed. With most of the cane fields and sugar mills idle, and with the curtailment of tobacco production, the unemployed in the rural districts are saved from death by starvation and exposure only by the generosity of the soil and the benignity of the Cuban climate. The unemployed in the cities are in even worse straits, for the number of those forced to resort to charity for shelter and subsistence is constantly increasing.

An added burden to the woes of the urban worker exists in the form of activity of labor agitators in the tobacco manufacturing industry, a large part of which is owned and operated by United States firms. After a long period of wrangling with the Cuban unions, one of the largest manufacturers of Havana cigars, the producer of an internationally famous brand, has closed its Havana factory and henceforth will manufacture in a New Jersey city. Others are also threatening to withdraw from Cuba.

The aristocracy of Cuba, erected on the foundation of great land holdings and political preferment, is today land poor and faced with the loss of what little income remains. Social functions in Havana have been dwindling both in frequency and pomp as the sad condition of the sugar market makes itself felt in the private purses of the once-wealthy Cuban. Opulent mansions in the sections leading from Havana to the Yacht Club at Marianao stand vacant as their owners, no longer able to meet the high overhead cost of such elegant domestic establishments, move to more modest quarters. Americans and other foreigners, seeking homes, are astonished to find suburban houses with ample grounds and with garages, servants' quarters and even private swimming pools available, in some cases, at rentals lower than they have been accustomed to pay for relatively modest apartments in large American and European cities.

The average Cuban of erstwhile ample means regards his present circumstances today with somewhat of a bewildered air. He looks with darkening envy at the towering Capitol and the presidential palace, and dreams of revolution that will unseat the Machado régime and allow him to thrust a hand into the political pot. There are Cabinet posts, seats in the National Senate and Lower House of Congress, in addition to numerous other jobs which the hungry throngs on the outside now covetously regard.

Cuban army officers, resident in Havana, are provided with armed military guards at their homes. For two years, since President Machado closed the University of Havana, the group of handsome buildings, situated on the fringe of the suburb of Vedado, has been picketed day and night by infantrymen with rifles, bayonets and machine-guns, to prevent a recurrence of the raid on the institution by students, who, in 1930, defiled pictures and statues of Machado and other government functionaries.

Authentic records of the indentity and number of political prisoners now languishing in the island's jails or of those who have lost their lives since the present

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administration assumed office are not obtainable. There are many in prison, but dark rumors of executions have undoubtedly been exaggerated. However a large number of Cubans are in forced or voluntary exile. During the past two years martial law has been turned on and off in Cuba with monotonous frequency. At this writing it is again in effect, and all offenses of a political character are judged by the military authorities.

Yet through all the flurries of plotting, aborted revolutionary thrusts, bomb plantings and quasi-political assassinations, nothing in the nature of a really cohesive opposition has been set up. No strong figure has emerged to occupy a rallying station. The student elements now long barred from closed classrooms, their jobless professors, the political enemies of the present administration, and the malcontents who are always to be encountered on the fringe of the Latin-American political picture, do not make quite clear just what they hope to attain, if successful in defeating the Machado régime. The strength of Machado as a leader is undisputed, and although his military rule and high-handed supervision of all the governmental functions have established a dictatorship of the most rigid nature, no program has yet been predicated by his opponents that would give promise for the betterment of the lot of the Cuban people. Even Cubans of liberal tendencies, who frown upon Machado and his methods, are inclined to recognize that revolution, if successful, would probably bring about a state of chaos inevitably terminating in military intervention by the United States which might last for a period of years and even conceivably result in annexation.

President Machado, who put through constitutional reforms extending the presidential period to six years, and whose term will expire in May, 1935, has privately expressed his willingness to renounce the presidency before the expiration of his term, but he qualified this readiness with the assertion that a strong man must be found to succeed him. The man of strength, evidently, has not made an appearance.

Next to Machado, the most outstanding figure in the government is Orestes Ferrara, Secretary of State, a Cuban of Italian birth who left Genoa as a youth to join the wars for Cuban freedom. Ferrara, who has served with some distinction as Cuban ambassador at Washington, does not conceal the fact that he some day would like to become president of Cuba, but his foreign birth makes him constitutionally ineligible, and he has made known his recognition of the fact that any attempt to amend the Constitution so that the doors of the presidential palace might be opened to him would meet with wide-spread and powerful opposition.

American tourists, on cruises from New York and from Southern United States ports by various steamship lines both in the winter and summer, still carry many dollars to Cuba. The formerly gay winter seasons of Havana have of late become much sobered, due to depression conditions. The horses run regularly on the track at Oriental Park and the roulette balls click at the Casino, but the avid brigades of Good Time Charlies and their girl friends are ebbing away. Two of Havana's largest and most celebrated hotels have been closed for more than a year with no indication of an early reopening. However, rivers of alcohol, unpolluted by the bootician's touch, still attract many. Gambling is not only tolerated but licensed and protected under government sanction. Tender affairs may flourish in a climate gentle and soothing. All that is necessary to enjoy this is a large bankroll.

The Cuban National Tourist Commission, the expenses of which are paid by an allotment of 50 percent of the $3.00 head tax assessed against each tourist, maintains an impressive suite of offices in Havana, advertises in the United States and is directed by one of Havana's two mayors—the one in charge of official welcomes and social affairs.

Cuba owes her official status as an independent nation to the United States. With all the fervor and sacrifices of her patriots she never could have broken entirely free from Spain without aid such as that furnished her in 1898. But if Cuban sovereignty is a Yankee gift then all of her economic ills today also may be laid to the United States. Not until the sugar tariffs are subjected to downward revision can there be any hope for the betterment of conditions in Cuba.

The sugar grower has at last been brought to see the errors of overproduction as applied to his prosperity or his woes. The enormous sugar stocks on hand are really the property of American banks which dealt lavishly with the sugar mill operator only to discover in 1929 that a depression had set in. These banks were saved from losses of the severest nature only by the flotation of an issue of sugar stabilization bonds, under Cuban government auspices and guaranteed by surplus sugar stocks.

Service charges on Cuba's foreign bonds are still being paid, but occasionally the dreaded word moratorium is whispered, much to the discomfiture of officials of the State Department in Washington and the banks in Wall Street. The colossal efforts made by President Machado to prevent defaulting on these obligations probably constitute the greatest single factor that keeps him in office. Such defaulting would certainly alienate from him the sympathy and support of the United States government, and might pave the way to a revolt that would stand a chance of success. Practical political observers in Cuba, despite their affiliations and private leanings, concede that Machado is doing all that anyone can do in respecting his country's foreign financial obligations. But it is being done at tremendous cost to the Cuban, whose burdens are perhaps hardly bearable now.

The talk of revolution goes on. There is some hope that under a Democratic administration in the United States the tariff wall may be removed and the floods of Cuban prosperity loosened once more. But even this hope is a remote one, and the Pearl of the Antilles is today a gem with little luster.

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PAYING YOUR WAY THROUGH

By JOHN W. RICKORD

DURING recent months, much has been written about the controversial subject of whether students should be permitted to work their way through our colleges and universities. One of the first of these articles, written by an apparently snobbish young collegian who expressed his views through the medium of his university's paper, because of its origin and arguments is worthy of little consideration. But it did have some value in that it aroused much valuable comment among educators and editorial writers in different parts of the country. Arguments were advanced in substantiation of both sides of the question. This article is not written to refute any of those arguments, but aims to give the decision of one self-supporting student, several years after experiencing the joys and sorrows encountered while at college. For there are both joys and sorrows to be met with, and the feeling of exhilaration the working student receives from the knowledge that he is making his own way is balanced by the thoughts of despair that often nearly overpower him.

I remember reading a story in a college magazine in which only the unexpected ringing of an alarm clock upset the well-laid suicidal plans of a student who had decided that working his way through school was too much for him. The story was not at all far-fetched: trying to get along with only five or six hours of sleep each night is not conducive to steady nerves or healthy minds, especially when the nerves and minds are those of young men and women.

In my own experience, I had the good fortune to work as a newspaper reporter during three years of my college life. The other year was spent in clerking in shoe and grocery stores. Summer vacations were spent working as a laborer in a creamery, seven days a week. But all of these positions paid well, and that was all that mattered. In fact, my junior and senior years found me living in comparative opulence. But, returning to the opening sentence of this paragraph, I say that I was fortunate in being a newspaper man, for work of that kind has an educational value of its own. Also, the work was interesting and not too difficult, and one was able to make many profitable contacts with leaders in the business and civic affairs of the large Mid-Western city in which the university I attended was situated.

But the eight hours I worked on the night shift of the paper cut heavily into what normally would be hours for sleep and diversion. Going to bed as late as three and four o'clock in the morning, and then having to rise at seven in order to be on time for an eight o'clock class often made one want to give up the whole business and let both school and work go hang. The feeling that the entire affair was futile grew so strong in me that, during my senior year, I encouraged my roommate, who also was a reporter-student, to write an article branding our efforts to gain an education as practically worthless. We felt that the price paid for what we were getting was too much. There are three main reasons for our stand, and these reasons still hold good as arguments against the advisability of a student's working his way through school.

(1) From the educational viewpoint, the student who has to work during most of his time outside of the classroom has not the time for the intellectual pursuits which lead one to acquire an education in the true sense of that widely abused term. The worker-student may succeed in cramming his way through a prescribed course of studies that will enable him to gain his degree, but he does not have the time to do the supplemental reading that is essential to true education. At best, he succeeds in getting only an outline of what an education should be.

(2) From the viewpoint of health, the strain of working night and day takes its toll of even the healthiest, and often reduces them to physical and mental wrecks. They have little or no time for physical exercise or mental relaxation. Short hours of sleep lead both to jumpy nerves and dull wits. And the sight of their fellow students enjoying hours of leisure and enjoyment which their routine denies them, often leads to despair and discouragement. All of these factors taken together seldom fail to reduce a number of these students to such a condition of body and mind that they are forced to give up their studies and return home to rest.

(3) From the viewpoint of social life, the worker-student is at a decided disadvantage. And while I consider that too much emphasis is placed on social life in American colleges, it cannot be denied that a certain amount of it is necessary to the broadening of one's mind and the enriching of one's cultural attainments. That the students who have to spend all of their time either studying or making money to meet their bills, have little or no time for social activities is apparent. The self-supporting student is fortunate if he finds time to attend the formal dance of his class in a borrowed Tuxedo.

These objections, then, are the ones my experience leads me to consider the most telling against the student making his own way. And any high school graduate who expects to support himself while attending college should seriously consider whether for him the attainment of a college degree is worth the sacrifices he must make and the dangers of impairment and perhaps destruction of physical and mental health which he must endure. If he works only two or three hours a day at some light task, there is little or no danger, but

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neither can he entirely support himself on the money received for such work. It is to the student who must work six or eight hours a day in addition to carrying a full course of studies that the above arguments are applicable in their full strength.

But while the above arguments are, in my judgment, valid, it must not be thought that I advocate the barring of students from our universities because they have to work their way through. For there is another side to the story, and I believe it outweighs the objections given above. Where four years ago, when I completed my college work, I would have used every argument at my command to discourage a student from attempting to work his way through school, I now would encourage him in the venture. Always provided, however, that I judged him to possess the requisite mental and bodily strength and the firmness of character necessary to bring him safely through the grind. For, after all, a college degree does mean something in America today, even if that degree merely denotes that its possessor has completed a bare outline of cultural, scientific or commercial subjects.

For that matter, the average college student has only such an outline, even though his expenses are fully paid by his parents and he has ample time for the pursuit of an education. A large number of this class of students spend as much time on the athletic field as the worker-student spends at earning his way. Others dawdle away their time reading cheap novels and magazines that should interest only morons, and still others spend all of their time in furthering their ends in campus politics or in carrying on their social activities. In fact, it has been my observation that the average worker-student earns higher grades and emerges from college a better-educated man than the average student who has his expenses paid by fond parents who insist upon a college education for their more or less willing sons.

That only a few of the young men and women who annually attend college are students in the true sense of the word accounts for the fact that our belief that the possession of a college degree stamps its owner as an educated person is one of our prize misconceptions. And considering the matter from this viewpoint, I no longer see any reason for putting much stock in the first of the objections made above. If the worker-student leaves college at least as well educated as his more fortunate classmates, I feel that he should not be legislated against. He should be given his chance.

Also, there is this angle which is worthy of consideration. If a student is ambitious enough to work his way through college, and if he does gain a degree that signifies only that he has completed a course of studies without any of the embellishments of social life or extra-curricular reading and activities, it is only logical to suppose that he will get his real education after he leaves college. With the educational outline and the mental training he has received, he is in a position to complete his education during his leisure hours for the remainder of his life. And the probabilities are that he will follow that course more frequently than will the graduate who went to college merely because it was the thing to do.

Further, it is through such a process of continued study after one leaves college that real education is actually achieved. Education cannot be attained in four years, irrespective of how much time the student has at his disposal or how brilliant he is. This is a truism which most of our college graduates overlook, and most of them fail to show the signs of intellectual leadership we expect from them once they have escaped from the more or less enforced habits of studying at college.

Compared, then, with the average student, the worker-student is not at any disadvantage. While he may miss out on most of the fun attendant on normal college life, and while he may suffer some from the continual round of work and study, he usually emerges from college in a better position to cope with the world than does the average graduate. For it cannot be denied that the student who has had to rely upon his own resources to secure his education is inured to the conditions of the world in which he must make his living. Further, his character has been strengthened by the sacrifices he has had to make during his college life, and he also is well acquainted with what employers expect of college men. He usually is content to start at the bottom even after he receives his college degree, and he is more apt to stick to the work he enters into and remain content with making progress slowly but surely. Self-reliance and tenacity of purpose are important traits of character that the worker-student develops during his college years, and he thus has an advantage of those students who develop these traits, if they develop them at all, only after several years of being buffeted about in the business or industrial world.

For a Greek Ending

This is the wayside seat an old tramp made
  At the dusk end of an August afternoon;
Baking an old potato while he played
  An idle tattoo with an ivory spoon.

I wondered at his beard so stained and long,
  The little cough that beat upon his chest,
The feather in his hatband like a song,
  The way his eye was ever on the west.

I saw him make an end of all the fire,
  And slowly stretch a blanket for the night. . . .
(The next morning the Wolverine hit him, steaming
  swiftly out of the bend by the lagoon.)

If he were a seaman,
Seamen have said of long dead seamen
That even a hundred fathom under the foundations
  of the Antilles
In soft green water, light opens one's eyes.

HUGH DE BURGH.

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TRADE ASSOCIATIONS NEW AND OLD

By MICHAEL O'SHAUGHNESSY

Some weeks ago we published a critique of the trade association idea by Mr. Gerhard Hirschfeld. To this Mr. O'Shaughnessy now replies, alleging that whatever may be said concerning existing trade associations, there is room for application to conditions in the United States of the "occupational group idea" recommended in the encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno." There follows an analysis of what methods should be employed to bring about the practical application of this idea. Mr. O'Shaughnessy has succeeded in gaining much support for what he believes to be "the way out of the depression."—The Editors.

AN UNFORTUNATE, but perhaps presently inescapable, barrier to an intelligent discussion of the problems involved in the social, financial and industrial dislocation that has overwhelmed the world is that those taking part in the discussion rarely agree on definitions and terms. Intelligent debate demands agreement on both, but as our problems are new we are going through the process of developing a nomenclature and definitions that may more exactly apply to problems in an unprecedented situation.

A case in point is Mr. Gerhard Hirschfeld's article, "American Trade Associations," which appeared in a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL. Mr. Hirschfeld, in his article, and I, in "Man or Money?", are not discussing the same thing. He, with reasonable accuracy, describes the shortcomings of the trade association as it now exists in this country. In "Man or Money?" I have used the term "trade association" as a term likely to be most widely understood by the people of this country as applying the "occupational group idea," recommended by Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno," to industry in the United States.

The trade association as it exists today serves many useful purposes but has no legal status and no authority over its membership. It is merely a clearing-house for the exchange of ideas between members, an instrument to voice the opinions of the membership, a sort of medium to preserve a contact between the various units in the industry it serves. Whenever these associations have gone beyond this program they have run foul of our anti-trust laws and have been obliged to abandon any really effective effort to stabilize the industry concerned.

The trade association envisaged by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, as interpreted to fit social, industrial and financial conditions in the United States has the following objectives:

(1) It must promote the attainment of social justice in the United States by facilitating a gradual redistribution of wealth among all the people of the country by a more equitable distribution of the national income through establishing a higher wage for labor and a lower wage for capital.

(2) It must establish a partnership relation between capital and labor based upon a fair and stabilized wage for the actual money, capital, invested in industry and stabilized employment for human beings working in industry to insure to such workers a living family wage affording the frugal an opportunity to acquire property.

(3) It must establish just coöperation between units in the various major industries and between industries to take the place of the present destructive competition, to insure the security of property values by insuring a fair profit to the capital invested in industry and to stabilize buying power of workers through employment by the year at a reasonable living wage.

To accomplish these ends, it will be necessary for the Congress of the United States to create, through these trade associations, without in any way altering the anti-trust laws, monopolies in the major industries, with duties and privileges definitely fixed by the Congress. Such monopolies would be under the supervision of a designated federal authority, would have the right to fix prices of its products on the basis of a profit above cost, which must include fair and stabilized wages for capital, and fair and stabilized wages for labor producing such commodities. The principle underlying these legal monopolies in each major industry, composed of the various units which constitute it, is that these units be compelled to conduct such industry in a manner to justly protect the public, labor and stockholders with a minimum of supervision by the federal authority.

To accomplish this, the trade association in each major industry would be managed by a directorate, composed of representatives of capital, labor and consumers, without interfering in any way with the corporate organization of the various units which form the association.

The principles underlying such trade associations are that industry exists primarily to serve all the people of the country; that corporations are creatures of the state and must function first in the public interest and be supervised by government to insure such performance; that money must serve and not dominate human beings; that the management of industrial units in all industries are trustees, not only for their own shareholders, but for their employees and the public; that in order to preserve the security of property values, industry must be profitable, and for industry to be profitable, a wider distribution of wealth is necessary among all the people to stabilize buying power in sufficient volume to make industry profitable.

It cannot be reasonably urged that the trade association described above constitutes an approach to

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state Socialism. Here again, we run into a difference of opinion on the definition of state Socialism. This new concept of the trade association simply recognizes the obvious fact that "the development of modern banking and the concentration of capital and industrial activity in great corporations accelerated by inventions, machinery and mass production, has fundamentally changed the conditions of our national life."

On the other hand, it can be reasonably urged that the reorganization of industry through trade associations, outlined above, will meet twentieth-century conditions and preserve as great a measure of individualism to the citizen as is consistent with present-day conditions of life.

"Rugged American individualism," interpreted in terms of uncontrolled greed and unregulated reward for individual initiative and action has reduced our government to a money oligarchy and brought our financial, industrial and agricultural structure to the point of collapse.

The very existence of the present social order, under the capitalistic system is threatened. As desirable as it might be, a return to the ideal of individualism in the twentieth century is impossible. The continued attempt to maintain it will plunge our country into state capitalism or, as great a calamity, into Communism.

It is not our intention in this article to more than point out the differences between trade associations as they exist today and a form of trade association which would extricate industry in the United States from its present state of hopeless chaos. It is plain that the trade association we describe is a substantially different instrumentality than the trade association commented upon by Mr. Hirschfeld.

The trade asociation that we outline above is the type of industrial instrumentality vaguely hinted at by Mr. H. I. Harriman, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in his recent speech at the Sixth Annual Convention of Life Insurance Presidents, which was reported as follows in the New York *Times:*

> He [Harriman] urged that business regulate itself through trade associations, taking the place of public regulation and minimizing governmental interference with business.
>
> "In sports," he said, "we have established rules that have taken much of the brutality out of the game. Will competition be less effective and business less profitable if rules are established, binding upon all in a given trade or industry, which insure a fair deal for the laborer, for the investor and for the members of the industry, be they large or small?"
>
> Reducing wages and omitting dividends, he went on, meant decreasing the country's purchasing power and continuing the "vicious circle" of deflation. He said he wanted it understood, however, that he was not an inflationist; neither, he added, was he a deflationist.

BARCELONA

By LAWRENCE A. FERNSWORTH

THE CHURCH and religious congregations' bill which is now before the Spanish Cortes where it is sponsored by the ministry of Premier Manuel Azaña proves, upon second examination, to be somewhat less drastic than might have been expected from the pronouncements of the Premier and from the past hostile attitude of the majority of the Left in the Cortes. Not that it is not sufficiently severe, since it "nationalizes" (without confiscating) church property, deprives the religious orders of the privilege of teaching and of engaging in agriculture, industry or commerce, and requires them to sell such of their property as is not strictly needed for their subsistence. But it is to be noted that herein the bill keeps well within the terms of the Constitution, itself so hostile to the Church.

The truth is that the Azaña government finds that it has burnt its fingers in its previous onslaughts upon the Church. Its acts are not only increasingly unpopular at home but are lessening the prestige of the government before other countries. A clue to this decreased popularity at home was found in the recent Catalan elections, the first expression of popular sentiment since the Cortes were elected in June, 1931. In these latest elections the party that is the government's chief source of strength in Catalonia, while victorious, fell short of obtaining a majority of all the votes cast while it lost about 140,000 votes as compared with 1931. On the other hand the party that represents the opposition to the government and that has particularly distinguished itself by its protests against the seizures of properties and the attacks upon the Church, made extraordinary gains despite the smaller turnout of voters. It obtained 147,000 votes as against 86,000 in 1931. This undoubtedly indicates a move toward the "Right."

It is likely that the Azaña government would, if it could, undo much of its legislation against the Church, even to making the Constitution more liberal. Its seizure of the Jesuit properties early this year in plain violation of the Constitution is a blot which it is finding hard to live down. In connection with the seizure of this property a curious situation has arisen. Much of it, something like half, was not owned by the Jesuits at all but by private corporations which have been in existence for something like forty years. These corporations regularly paid taxes on the property and thereafter rented it to the Jesuits for educational purposes. They have gone into the courts demanding the return of their property, and there are good indications that the case will go against the government. But the government must save its face. So it has procured the passage of a law by the terms of which it will "expropriate" these properties, paying a presumably proper indemnity for them, if the original confiscations do not hold.

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The government in sponsoring the new religious bill now before the Cortes has found it necessary to resort to the tactic of disarming criticism in so far as possible by explaining itself before the country in a preamble. Therein it justifies its interference with certain ecclesiastical activities by what it calls the necessity of keeping the Church out of politics and of attending to the security of the State; it justifies its "nationalization" of church property on the ground that the Church, having heretofore acted "within the orbit of the State," the State thereby has an equity in church property, and on the additional ground that the national historic treasure must be safeguarded; the prohibition of religious orders to engage in agriculture, commerce or industry is defended on economic grounds. The preamble says:

> As a consequence of their special constitution, they represent an activity which, left in complete liberty in the field of free commerce and the ownership of goods, would give rise to an excessive accumulation of the same, and to the separation from the national economic activity, as experience has shown, of an important wealth.

What is noticeable about the bill is that it contains no provision for confiscation or seizure of church property. The proposed "nationalization" is not the same thing, as will be seen in a moment. The property to be "nationalized" is specified as:

> Temples of every class and their adjoining edifices, episcopal palaces, pastoral residences with their grounds, whether adjoining or not, seminaries and other edifices destined to serve the ends of the Catholic cult and its ministers. . . . [Also] movable property, ornaments, pictures, vases, jewels, tapestry and other objects of similar class . . . destined expressly to the Catholic cult or to the necessities directly related therewith.

From the practical viewpoint the status of these properties is not changed since the proposed law says that they "shall continue to serve the same religious ends of the Catholic Church, for their conservation, administration and utilization, according to their character and purpose." Notwithstanding, such properties "and the rights relative thereto shall remain under the protection of the State." They are "inalienable and non-transferable" by either the State or the Church except in cases where the State, "for justified motives of public necessity," may find it advisable "to dispose of such goods for other purposes." It cannot do so capriciously, however, but must, in each case, hold an inquiry, hearing the interested church authorities and thereafter presenting its proposal to the Cortes. Only a special law will make it legal for the government to dispose of church properties.

The bill further provides that, "the historic past liquidated," the Catholic Church and other denominations shall be permitted in the future to acquire or dispose of movable property of whatever kind. However, they may not hold real property in excess of what is required for strictly church purposes, but must dispose of the excess and invest the proceeds in national bonds. The religious orders must act similarly with respect to their "excess" properties.

The government, although it otherwise defends its proposals, makes no defense of the ban upon instruction at the hands of the religious orders. The critics of the government, among which are some non-sectarian and non-political journals like the important *Vanguardia* of Barcelona, suggest that the government has no defense and that its action is inspired by "sectarianism" and "anti-clericalism."

There is a possibility that even though religious orders are prohibited from teaching, parochial schools conducted by lay instructors will not be declared illegal. Much will depend upon the interpretation of the Constitution which declares "culture" to be "the essential attribute of the State," and provides that instruction shall be "laical." Certainly this is not interfering with other private schools, which are growing in number.

LEISURE WITH A VENGEANCE

By JOSEPH J. COWAN

EMERSON somewhere remarks that a man who hasn't learned to earn his livelihood is only half a man. He could have added that a man who is fitted to earn his bread but is doomed to idleness is hardly a man at all. He goes to pieces.

For it is a simple fact that when one's life is not centered around an occupation necessary for an income, that life becomes aimless and disjointed. Fortitude of character in the case of an unemployed man is in race against time. He can hold his own over a period of many months, but if beyond that he can look forward to nothing but a vista of unending weeks and months of further enforced leisure, his anchorage unloosens. His self-confidence deserts him and with it goes his poise and balance. He becomes internally disorganized.

I write of the young men, recent and less recent college graduates, who like myself have been without work for a year or more. We present no problem to the Emergency Relief, for we have fallen back on our families for food and shelter. But there's where our problem begins. With no money at our command, with no outlet for our energies or aptitudes, with nothing to divert us or lose ourselves in, we live an imprisoned existence. And to eager, able-bodied young men, to have all the time in the world to do nothing at all means deterioration. (The prevalence of youth in crime in times like these seems perfectly natural to anyone who has endured the agonies of prolonged unemployment.)

Our only place of refuge is the public library. But even to the real bookman, when harassed by the difficulties incident to his joblessness and the fact that he can engage in nothing but reading, books become a stale and unsatisfying pastime. Endless but zestless strolling the streets is the only other activity open to him. Such paucity of either mental or physical exertion continued for a year or so, cannot but have very deleterious effects upon a man's personality.

When to this confined mode of living is added the weariness and fatigue and hopelessness induced by his countless efforts to land something to do, the prodigious waste of time and energy that gnaws at his soul, the utter uselessness to himself and others, his penury and dependence that diminish his self-respect, is it any wonder that his stability is undermined?

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These besetting tribulations bring about a state of mind that plays havoc with the idle man's character. He grows irresolute, timid and hesitant. The thought of failure torments him. His sense of responsibility is diluted, people and friends rub him the wrong way, his affections cool and he becomes aloof and isolated. His thoughts turn inward upon himself, and broodiness and despair overtake him. A state of easy irritability develops which makes him indifferent to the vital things but causes the petty trivialities to loom up disturbingly.

Mr. Hoover in his recent message to Congress informed the nation that "public health today is at its highest known level." With the millions of men and women whose jobs have been wiped out finding themselves in a physical and spiritual slump, suffering from exhaustion, inertia and ennui, it is hard to understand how the President arrived at his conclusion.

It is in the morning that an unoccupied man feels at his worst. When getting into his frayed clothes with nothing ahead of him but the dismal routine which he has repeated ad nauseaum, appetiteless and dull, weary of himself and everything about him—that's the time to keep out of the fellow's way.

Our predicament has naturally centered our thoughts on politics. It is with a good deal of bewilderment that we contemplate the nature of an economic system that deprives people of the elementary right to earn their own sustenance; a state of affairs wherein millions of men and women suffer disintegration from idleness and starvation and are denied the opportunity of useful occupation to acquire even the bare necessities of existence, of which there is such a superabundance.

But beyond feeling resentful about the cruelties and barbarities of the economic chaos in which we find ourselves trapped, there is nothing we can do about it. To real and substantial changes in the prevalent order, we look forward with heavy pessimism if not cynicism. The conservative forces are too mightily entrenched for anything of that sort. All that is left us is the hope against hope for a lucky break to land something to do, for no matter how trivial a salary. Something to enable us to rehabilitate ourselves and rearrange our lives, so that we may once again experience the feeling of being men rather than useless, parasitic wretches. That for us would be the dawn of a new day.

Rhyme

Swift as blazing wood,
The heart is swifter;
Slow as melting ice,
The heart is slower.

High though cedars rise,
Love rises higher;
Low though moss creeps,
Love creeps lower.

Blind as moles stare,
The heart stares blinder;
Clear as eagles gaze,
The heart gazes clearer.

Far though stars stand,
Love stands farther;
Near though bodies lie,
Love lies nearer.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

COMMUNICATIONS

NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: THE COMMONWEAL for January 4 is to my mind one of the most interesting among the always interesting issues. It aroused within me the desire to add some thoughts to the ideas expressed therein. The editorial "Nineteen Thirty-three" undoubtedly intended to bring home the need for Catholic Action and correctly points out, that talking is not yet acting. It seems to me that the idea prevails in many minds that the complexity of present conditions require complicated remedies and that no simple plan or program for the reconstruction of Christian living by faith has as yet been formulated. Both these ideas are wrong. Such means, remedies and programs were proposed and outlined in the encyclical "Auspicato," which Pope Leo XIII issued as a preparation for the "Rerum Novarum," and were reinculcated by Pope Benedict XV in "Sacra Propediem" and again by Pope Pius XI in "Rite Expiatis" before the latter published his more recent encyclical on Catholic Action. The question now is: Why were the former encyclicals of undoubtedly greater practical value, so shamefully and, outside the Franciscan Order, almost universally neglected? This was certainly a reason why "Rerum Novarum" brought but little results. The cause of the neglect, however, seems to be too much intellectualism.

Philosophical and sociological discussions may clear the matter and may bring about consent of the intellect, but rarely do they move the will. The latter is not controlled by the mind, although it may be somewhat influenced by it, but more so by the emotions. Love of God presupposes some knowledge about God, but the intensity of this love and consequently its exercise does by no means always increase with the knowledge about God. Purely intellectual illumination of the masses never did and never will bring about a change for the better, especially if it requires great sacrifices. Greed comes out of the heart of man, and so do lust and lack of charity. The masses are not reformed by large organizations preaching against the evils of the day and developing all kinds of possible and impossible techniques but rarely a sane and practical program, but unable to supply the means to strengthen the character. This seems to me mere waste of time, money and effort.

This is especially true with organizations in which regular religious practices are entirely excluded under the pretext that in this way the coöperation of all may be solicited. This is bunk. More than that; it is dangerous. Bring the love of God into a hundred hearts, and with it will come the love of neighbors, and you will have one hundred who give an example and practise social or Christian justice.

Why not apply simple means? They are the only ones that are effective in the long run. Religion supplies them. They are a life according to the Gospel and the observance of religious practices. This is the life that must be led by the millionaires as well as the paupers. This life has been put into a rule and a program for action by Saint Francis of Assisi. About this program, Pope Leo XIII, greater than all present professors and doctors, said: "My reform is the Third Order."

This would also improve conditions existing among probationers, about which Frederick A. Moran writes in his article "Forgive Us Our Tresspasses." Conditions are worse among those not on parole. Not only among us but also elsewhere. In the same mail in which your weekly came, arrived a letter from a confrère who wrote: "I was three months away from

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home giving missions. In N.N. thirty-four of the missionaries went from home to home, visiting every family. It took us five weeks, and the result was that 45 percent of the Catholics were induced to receive the sacraments. From Austria, we went on to Northern Italy . . . and now I am back in Bohemia. I find conditions pretty much the same everywhere. . . ."

Another writes about the great progress the "Reds" are making among the young, but consoles himself somewhat by the fact that they have in Germany 405,000 young men and boys in an active Catholic organization, the only one that is effective.

What have we to offer? Not much. And yet in the last Communist parade passing our monastery, more than 75 percent were young people, boys and girls. It was fully twenty-five blocks long. Whence this spirit? Every revolution comes from above. If leadership becomes oppressive, if the scandal of the upper classes becomes common knowledge, the masses rise, but it is reaction. Charity or justice and leadership by good example are the desired remedies. This is where Catholic Action must begin, according to the Holy Father. It must be brought home to financiers, politicians, officials and all who rule by law or money power, that they are the cause of much we deplore at present. The masses are quick to point out the difference between what is said at Communion breakfasts and what is done away from the Communion railing. The victims of such scandals are not healed by intellectualism. It needs more. It needs the application of the only true means known: Back to Christ by imitating His life and action. On Fourteenth Street a sign may be found reading: "Why not try religion?" To this I wish to add: "Eventually—why not now?"

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.M.CAP.

THE GOOD BOOK

Falmouth, Ky.

TO the Editor: In THE COMMONWEAL, under date of December 21, you recommend "the last fruit of the indefatigable Gamaliel Bradford's labors, 'Saints and Sinners.'" It will please you to hear that the masterly series of psychographs is far from being his last work. "Biography and the Human Heart" has already appeared; and several other books by America's outstanding "naturalist of souls" will be published in due time. You may be glad to learn also that Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is engaged at present in preparing the publication of Mr. Bradford's "Journal and Memoirs," which contain no less than a million and a half words.

In reading the life of Byron by Gamaliel Bradford, the following incident kept ringing in my memory. Walter Scott and Lord Byron met in 1815, and they discussed—of all things—religion. Scott ventured the opinion that Byron's views would change. "I suppose," said Byron, "you are one of those who prophesy that I will turn Methodist?" "No," was the reply. "I would rather expect to see you retreat upon the Catholic faith and distinguish yourself by the austerity of your penances." And this is also what the author of "Saints and Sinners" seems to say of Byron.

A couple of months before returning to God, Gamaliel Bradford had the kindness to invite me to break bread with him. Everlasting will be my regret not to have been able thus to say grace in his home before a meal which would have been a life-giving conversation—partly, but surely, on Byron, and . . . on Saint Francis of Assisi.

REV. J. M. LELEN.

GIVE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In the December 28 issue of THE COMMONWEAL you ask that we "budget for charity." I was reminded of a little article I wrote, which was published last year in a popular Catholic magazine. I have the permission of the editor of this magazine, to use this article at any time. Perhaps your readers may be interested in my "Tithe Box for Happiness," which was printed first in December, 1931, and continues to hold true. The article follows.

"Are you trying to keep up with charity appeals? Isn't it annoying to have so many letters asking for money for this mission or for that convent, or for a certain new seminary or for a hospital, etc? Who hasn't felt that twinge of conscience that causes us to wince, yet at the same time leads us to consider if we can possibly afford to help another of these unabating needs? We know that giving until it hurts, and even while it hurts, is the average Catholic's lot. Yet this is no reason for gloom, for here is an idea that will not only relieve you and me of much irksome feeling, but will also add to this doing of good, a new rich joy.

"In the ancient days it was the custom for good people to give a tithe of all they possessed, i.e., one-tenth of their goods, to the Church. Let us stop to consider this. One-tenth of our salary is not so much as to deprive us of any of life's necessities. We could all probably put aside one-tenth of our salaries today without feeling any great privation. Apropos of this, I want to tell you a little story, a true story of today.

"A certain man was very ill. He promised God that if he were cured he would give a tithe of his salary to the poor. Having become well again, he set out to fulfil his promise. His wife objected. She said that one-tenth was too much, that they could not afford it. She made a great scene. The husband insisted he would carry out his promise. She protested and even threatened to leave him. The man said that he nevertheless would have to carry out his promise. The wife thought it over and, probably led by the stanch example of her husband, relented.

"Together they planned how to dispose of the money. They thrilled to the prospect of what could be done, what joy could be distributed by their gifts. Someone has said that 'charity is the gateway to heaven.' Together the man and his wife entered this portal, and a richer and happier life was theirs. All they had 'cast upon the waters' was returned to them 'one-hundred fold.'

"Suppose we begin to set aside a tithe—just one-tenth of our salary. Place this in a box or a large envelope. Therein we can now simply place, as they come, letters and communications requesting our charity. Every week or fortnight we can take time to answer these appeals. The money we have left over we can use in our own creative way. This part of the performance will give us the greatest pleasure. Lean back in your chair and dream a minute of all the people whom a little surprise gift would help so much. In these days of unemployment give a little extra help to an unemployed person, to a neglected child a little garment, to a poor man a coin for a good dinner, to a needy person a little money now and then. Think a little bit on this, and with a flash you will realize that you are inspired to do some very deserving person a good turn. Do it for the love of God, and it will be repaid you 'one-hundred fold.' Give joyously a tithe for God. Yes, have a tithe-box for happiness now. Let's start today."

LEO LOGAN.

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LITERARY PROVINCIALISM

St. Columbans, Neb.

TO the Editor: Whether Mr. Sean O'Faolain is right in his introductory definition of provincialism does not concern me at the moment. Much more important is the certainty that in Ireland a virile, native tradition persists that remains aloof from the Yeats-Synge-Russell school of writers and is utterly opposed to the O'Flaherty-Joyce school. The reasons?

The Yeats-Synge writers are neither racially nor by any real assimilation Irish. They are not Catholics nor have they any personal Catholic background. In spite of their high gifts, therefore, and in spite of their occasional striking of an authentic note, they are poorly qualified to express or interpret the soul of Ireland. Is it strange that Irish opinion objects when these gentlemen pose as representatives and arbiters of Irish culture?

The O'Flaherty-Joyce group of "realists" are racially Irish but they have rejected the Catholic ethic that has been, and is, the very lifeblood of the vital Ireland. Surely it is not a matter for wonder, or even a matter for writing to the papers, that normal Irish sentiment objects to, and disowns, the indecencies of this school?

If in thus refusing to agree with the Yeats-Synge-Russell mentality and in thus opposing that of O'Flaherty and Joyce, the native Irish mind is provincial, then Mr. O'Faolain is certainly giving a new connotation to that word. You are therefore provincial if you believe in self-defense or sanitation. You are provincial if you have any standards, even of mere literature. And you become positively parochial if you insist that literature is not above morality and that objective spiritual values, proven by every process of valid reasoning, must not be sacrificed for any aesthetic effect.

Mr. O'Faolain obviously resents an incisive lecture given in Dublin recently, attacking the "Irish Academy of Letters," naively established on their own authority by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Shaw. There is another fact worth noting. Mr. O'Faolain's book—the distinguishing achievement that THE COMMONWEAL mentions in its notes on contributors to the issue of December 21—has been banned from Ireland on moral grounds by the civil board of censorship. This censorship was set up, after careful deliberation, by Irish legislators, with ample safeguards against excessive severity.

Why not be frank, Mr. O'Faolain, and say plainly that whenever one of these "realists" has been rejected by the Irish public, it has been on account of indecency? Does not that fact cast a clear light on the situation? The kernel of the question is reached when we say that the great majority of Irishmen still include the sixth and ninth commandments among the realities.

I do not believe that every Irish prose writer now living abroad is in exile because "the Irish people would accept him under no terms." That blanket of martyrdom is rather thinly woven and it will not stretch. The truth is that in a country of 3,500,000 or 4,000,000 people, especially one with a recent history like Ireland's, a man cannot make a livelihood by literature. It is nobody's fault. The thing is economically impossible. Anybody acquainted with any of the younger Irish writers knows perfectly well that those who went abroad, went to find a remunerative field for their talents. If they stayed at home, they would have to teach, become newspaper reporters, or enter the civil service, and make literature a mere side-line. Nobody blames them for going abroad. It is only when they proceed to make profit (for purse or pride or both) in their foreign markets by means that violate fundamental decencies and bring dishonor on their native country, that Ireland disowns them. Unfortunately it is just then that the foreign literary papers begin to speak of them—always as "the Irish writers."

It would be rank injustice to say that all or even many of the Irish writers living in England, Continental Europe and America have thus abandoned the standards of their youth and their people. There are names on Mr. O'Faolain's list that should not be bracketed with those of James Joyce, George Moore or Liam O'Flaherty.

It is worth noting, too, that not every offensive Irish realist is of Catholic antecedents.

In the morbidity, the exaggerations and the egotism of some of these overadvertised, querulous writers there is a far worse provincialism than any described by Mr. O'Faolain. When, oh when, will a librettist arise to do for these cliques the charity that W. S. Gilbert did for the aesthetes of the eighties in "Patience"?

The more one thinks of some Anglo-Irish writers of today, the more grateful one feels to God for such saving gifts as Matt Talbot, the Legion of Mary—and the Irish sense of humor.

REV. PATRICK O'CONNOR.

O'MALLEY OF THE SUN

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: So many persons have been interested in Dr. James J. Walsh's articles on Frank Ward O'Malley, in THE COMMONWEAL, and in the current *Catholic World,* perhaps you will permit me to supply some omissions we venture to think not invaluable, though their absence in articles from so learned a source as dear Dr. Walsh has occasioned mild surprise.

In a direct line Mr. O'Malley is tied to two journalistic and clerical families, of Irish and Scotch origin, which, with the family of Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia settled in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. Frank was a cousin of the late venerable Monsignor Joseph F. Mooney, Vicar General of the New York Diocese, and the Vicar General, on another side, was a cousin of Augustin McNally. The mother of Frank and Dr. Austin O'Malley was a Ward, sister of two priests and a London journalist. Their father had a brother, who was an Irish Franciscan Friar. All came from humble stock but, like the family of Cardinal Dougherty, to which also they are related by intermarriage, produced men and women who were priests, friars, journalists and nuns.

Those who have reason to know him better believe Frank O'Malley could have lived up to all the superlatives now rained on him had he, like his brother, Austin, taken his profession seriously. He preferred the lighter side of newspaperdom. The doctor, his brother, left a legacy to a noble profession. Despite his preference for the light side of newspapering, Frank went through life without being touched by its lightness. Broadway never had a hold on him, and his personal reputation is untarnished. He was always a practical Catholic, but not a showy one. The inter-related families are planning a memorial to Monsignor Mooney, Frank and Dr. Austin O'Malley, which they hope to make a substantial tribute to a race of men and women who have contributed something to religion and journalism in America, including the grandfather of Augustin McNally, who was one of the early graduates of Mt. St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, and whose grandsons became graduates of Georgetown.

JOSEPHINE GATES MCNALLY.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Cavalcade

HOLLYWOOD has violated many of its worst traditions in producing Noel Coward's "Cavalcade," and the result is a picture of unusual merit and artistry. In the play itself, of course, there is an undertone of philosophical despair and uncertainty, somewhat reminiscent of the author's work in "The Vortex," which he wrote and acted in many years ago. Noel Coward is not the man to show the world its way out of conflict and fundamental doubt. He is an acutely conscious victim of the very things he portrays, but he seems to be capable of nothing more than wishing for clearer light. His sensitive appreciation of values and of irony makes him a vivid exponent of what is wrong, but he lacks the necessary detachment to see why the wrong exists. He tells us of a world full of what Thomas Gray once described as "moody madness laughing wild amid severest woe." He seeks and hopes for a very different world, one which will catch again the spirit of dignity and beauty and peace. But in the very quality of his hope there is a strongly implied doubt. He seems to lack faith, not alone supernatural faith, but even that natural faith which recognizes the power of an idea to translate itself into action. He seeks without having the faith that in seeking he will find. That, at least, is the impression conveyed by the film version of his famous play.

In all other respects, "Cavalcade" is one of the finest bits of screen drama that has emerged from the fogs of Hollywood. It stands forth by virtue of its sheer luminosity, its sensitive portrayal of deep emotions, its restraint in the handling of tragic detail, and in its romantic adventurousness. It tells the story of Jane and Robert Marryot from the early years of their marriage at the time of the Boer War and the opening days of the twentieth century right down to New Year's eve of 1933. The spirit of a whole empire is seen through their eyes and through those of their children. We see them first on the eve of the new century, just before Robert Marryot's departure as an officer to the South African war. They have two children, Edward and Joe, just old enough to realize faintly what is going on around them. We also see their butler, Alfred Bridges, and his cockney wife, Ellen, who is a maid in the house, and their baby daughter, Fanny. Bridges is also going to Africa as a private. Later we see the departure of the regiment, the spirit of London in its crowds and theatres, with the patriotic scenes in the musical comedies and all the other familiar accompaniments of war psychology. During the many anxious weeks following, we see the difference between Jane Marryot's sensitive rebellion against all this and the more robust philosophy of her closest friend, Margaret Harris, whose little daughter, Edith, is the playmate of the Marryot boys.

The soldiers have hardly returned from Africa when the picture gives us another interpretation of the British mind in the scenes and episodes following the death of Queen Victoria. Then we are spirited forward to the years of commercial achievement just before the great war. Young Edward Marryot, just out of Oxford, marries Edith Harris, recently come to womanhood. They leave on their honeymoon. We see them by the railing of a ship. We hear them trying to express their sense of completed happiness, so great that even death together would seem a mere culmination. They move away from the rail of the ship, and at the place they have been standing we see a life preserver carrying the name of the ship—the Titanic. That is all. For once, artistry has triumphed in restraint, and we are spared the details of the ensuing tragedy.

Two more years bring us to the eve of the Great War. Again we catch the individual spirit of a people through the intimacy of the Marryot home, through the ever-increasing rebellion of Jane, through the mature understanding of Robert—now Sir Robert Marryot—and through the enthusiasm for enlistment of young Joe Marryot, now the only surviving child. In the meantime, we have not lost sight of the lives linked to the Marryots. Alfred Bridges, on his return from South Africa, left domestic service to become proprietor of a "pub," where, for a few years, business prospered until he began to drink up all the profits. We see his little daughter, Fanny, growing into charming womanhood, and dancing to the tunes of street musicians as naturally as a bird sings. Alfred is killed, while drunk, in a street accident and Jane Marryot consoles the widow.

The war, expected to last a few months, drags on its interminable slaughter. Sir Robert must serve again, this time on the general staff. At last, even Joe must go to the front, in spite of his mother's grief. Once more the familiar scenes of London life are taken up, the recruiting in the dance halls and cabarets and theatres, the Zeppelin raids over the city, the quick sharp glimpses of the holocaust on the front. Fanny Bridges becomes a noted professional dancer and singer. Joe Marryot, returning for a leave in 1918 meets her again after the long years and falls in love with her. Thus the relentless upheaval of the old order goes on to the distant, droning, pounding accompaniment of the war and of death and destruction. Then armistice and the delirious joy of the mobs. Ellen Bridges, on the day of the armistice, comes to see Jane Marryot to suggest that their children may be married. While Jane is struggling with this revelation of a new order, she receives a telegram telling of Joe's death on the very eve of the armistice.

The cavalcade of empire sweeps on again, now in swift, broken glimpses—a peace that is no peace, more wars and rumors of war, the disillusionment and atheism of a multitude, the emptiness of the established churches of England, the dull-eyed swaying crowds in the night clubs and cabarets, the vice and perversion rampant, the bitter despair of the masses, the blunderings of statesmen. And again it is New Year's eve, with the thirty-third year of the century dawning. The Marryots are alone and childless in their home. But their calm ritual of drinking to the new year must be followed. There is almost a cry of agony in their toast—that their country may again achieve dignity, beauty and peace. Their life has been a great adventure, crowded, tragic, years full of renunciation but also of joys keenly and preciously felt. The cavalcade must still plunge forward into the unknown future.

Of sturdy faith there is very little in this picture. But there is a vast deal that is of beauty and rich understanding. Through all there is a masterly restraint. Even the agonizing stretch of four years of war is handled with the panoramic confusion of a nightmare rather than with realistic horror, rising in a piercing and terrific crescendo. It may be long before we again see a picture of such honesty and integrity and sheer power of plain statement. If it lacks faith, it at least has hope and is full of charity toward the puzzled and bereaved and courageous people of a distraught world. (At the Gaiety Theatre.)

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BOOKS

Mexico's Mussolini

Porfirio Diaz, Dictator of Mexico, by Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.00.

THIS biography of Porfirio Diaz is an ambitious work, for the author seeks to portray not only the phenomenal rise to power of the great Dictator of Mexico but also the background which fostered his particular brand of Caesarism and the economic system which served to prolong it. The book is a vast canvas on which are clustered the fantastic one-legged Santa Anna, the anti-clerical leader Juarez, the Archduke Maximilian and his exotic empire, the sturdy Gonzalez, the money-grubbing Cientificos who preyed on Mexico's riches in the last decades of the nineteenth century and the ominous figure of Francisco Madero—a complete panorama of Mexico from the fifties down to the break-up in 1910.

It is a tribute to Mr. Beals's skill that his picture of the early youth of his subject is the most vivid in the book. The author of "Mexican Maze" as usual is at his best in tracing the outlines of Diaz's part-Indian forebears, the indigenous folk-ways and the amalgam of Indianism and Spanish Catholicism that cradled him. Nor does the radicalism that characterizes Beals's work detract from the indictment he draws up against the much vaunted reconstruction period which Diaz started after he became Dictator. He shows how the enormous railroad building was badly designed and lacked intelligent economic planning, how the political system that produced it was rife with peculation and the worst sort of graft, and how it led up to the bloody harvest of 1910-1920. These chapters are perhaps the most valuable in the book.

Mr. Beals also performs a service in emphasizing the military skill and valor of the Mexicans who defeated the French veterans of Maréchal Bazaine. Those were glorious days for Mexicans, and they considerably retrieved the reputation of Mexican soldiers whose destiny in the late war with the United States seemed to have been merely to provide young officers such as Robert E. Lee, U. S. Grant and W. T. Sherman with easy victories.

The work spans many of the periods when the Church was one of the principal actors of the national drama—the war of the reform, in which Diaz helped Juarez break up the Church's wealth, and the war against the empire, which the Austrian noble Maximilian supported by French and Continental troops foisted on Mexico while the United States was so occupied with the Civil War that she was unable to invoke the Monroe Doctrine. The Church in these periods certainly did not distinguish herself for wisdom or far-sightedness, but when the author casts the Church in the rôle of the villain while dubious Bayards like Diaz and Juarez "save" Mexico, he strains the credulity of the reader.

First of all, like most historians of this period, Beals alludes to the Church as if it possessed a wealth of Munchausen-like size. Not a little research has been done to blast this conception. Father Cuevas, the ecclesiastical historian, has pointed out that the enormous figures which historians have held represented the income of the Church were by a singular error confused with the principal, the assessed total wealth of the Church. The Church was rich, but it was mainly because its wealth was more tangible and unprotected than the fortunes of laymen that it provoked the covetousness of the greedy *politicos* and bandit-like "saviours" of Mexico. Seen in the light of the indescribable anarchy and official robbery which were the principal characteristics of politicians of those days, it is easy to understand the frantic efforts of the Church to prevent the confiscation of her material possessions. If Mr. Beals had not only given weight to academic findings like the above, but had also accorded some appreciation of the realities of the situation, he would not have been guilty of this rather histrionic interpretation of this period in Mexican history.

Nor does his assignment to the Liberals of the heroic rôles in the fight against Emperor Maximilian have a sound basis. True, from the Mexican point of view the Liberals were the heroes while the pro-clerical Mexicans who sided with Maximilian were traitors. But two decades previous the rôles were reversed. Then, the Liberals plotted to retain General Winfield Scott and his American troops, to have the Yankees set up a foreign dictatorship so as to enforce the Liberal political program. Only because American politicians avoided this danger did the Liberals themselves escape the odium which later rested on their opponents. It was a bizarre sort of jumble, the Mexican political field in those decades, and it does not make it more intelligible to distribute indiscriminately the parts of hero and villain.

There are other surprises for Catholics who read the book. The fact that some of the more sinister personalities of the political scene were ex-Jesuits is stressed with monotonous emphasis and the term "jesuitical" is constantly tacked to all their acts. Furthermore, the reader is invited to glance at some of the illustrations, pictures of bishops and churchmen, which to an unprejudiced observer reveal some most commonplace countenances, but which for Mr. Beals display "bigotry," narrowness, cruelty and all the terrors of the Inquisition. As a matter of fact, Madame de la Barca, that extraordinary observer of Mexico in the forties, frequently dwells on the great charity, kindliness and generosity of these men. But Madame de la Barca was a cosmopolitan, cultured traveler, while Mr. Beals, one learns from the publicity releases, hails from Kansas and had as his god-mother the famous fanatic, Carrie Nation. Perhaps this helps to explain why the author so often deals with Mexican churchmen in the terms of Eugene Sue and Baptist evangelists.

All in all, it is a curious, an impressive and a provocative book. The author deserves praise for his industry, his frequent chapters of vivid interpretation and his gallant although somewhat prejudiced attempt to picture the teeming panorama of Mexican history in the last century. If one can read the book with the proper mental reservations and with not too great a credence in the author's lapses into wild melodrama, one can obtain much profit and satisfaction from it.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

From Lenin to Stalin

Seven Years in Soviet Russia, by Paul Scheffer; authorized translation by Arthur Livingston. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

MR. SCHEFFER'S book is a reprint of articles he wrote as correspondent of the *Tageblatt,* during the seven years he spent in Russia. He was there almost from the birth of the Soviet government and during subsequent events which completely transformed that country, first under Lenin, and then under Stalin. From his observations and the information he ascertained from others, he obtained a pretty clear conception of the Russian problem. The conclusion at which he arrives as to the merits of the Soviet system is that it is despotic, tyrannical and oppressive. That he was allowed to write these articles shows that the Bolsheviks did not then realize the value

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of public opinion, as expressed by the press. Later the authorities became aware of the harm which the revelation of the truth concerning them and their deeds might do, and Mr. Scheffer, who had gone to Germany for a vacation, was refused a visa permitting him to return to Moscow.

The Preface to his book is both instructive and amusing, especially in its description of the way in which censure is exercised in Russia at present, foreign newspaper correspondents being instructed as to the manner of performing their duties, and, like all foreigners in Russia, allowed to associate only with converts to Sovietism, of whose loyalty the government is absolutely sure.

After this explanation of the difficulties with which he had to contend, Mr. Scheffer begins his book with a description of Moscow and St. Petersburg, which as a literary piece of work is absolutely magnificent. One can visualize the cities and admire the perfect preservation of the public buildings which "stand undisturbed, though the might that created them has vanished forever." Mr. Scheffer has a humorous appreciation of impossible situations which is distinctly refreshing. His account of the Soviet celebration of Easter is delicious in its absurdity. And his account of the religious struggle going on in Russia would prove that come what may, this belief in God will always be found in Lenin's paradise. Judging by his remarks Mr. Scheffer does not know the import of the negotiations which took place between the Vatican and the Soviets; he judges the entire episode from a prejudiced viewpoint. It would have been better had he omitted it from his book. Many things which can be said in a newspaper article appear out of place in a book.

The most interesting chapters are those on Lenin and Trotzky, and the latter's fight with Stalin, the description of which is a perfect masterpiece. Throughout its revolutionary crisis Russia was always controlled by one man stronger than the others, and convinced of his own infallibility. Lenin was the first, Trotzky the second and Stalin the third. It is a case of the survival not of the fittest, but of the strongest. Russia has always been ruled by the iron hand, and the Revolution has not changed this.

A striking feature of the Russian Revolution is that neither Lenin, Trotzky nor Stalin have known the meaning of pity. They have never pitied anyone, not even their own selves. Read the description of Lenin speaking in public—without pathos, playing not upon the hopes and sympathies of his audience, and with no effort to persuade, but with a hard, inflexible will dominating each and every man, and inspiring awe in all. That Bolshevism is personified by the figure of one man makes of it an impossibility, if for no other reason than that supermen do not exist, and it is only a superman who could make of it a livable thing instead of the monstrosity it has become.

The book is excellent in its continuity and clarity. All the details of the Russian crisis are presented with photographic faithfulness. After reading them one can no longer be in doubt as to the aims of the Soviet government, nor as to why it has failed, in leveling all classes, to make any one of them happy. Even the few things the peasant is allowed to possess personally are rapidly being taken from him. The "combinates," as common property is called, represent ruthless attacks upon private property. But the peasant's willingness to pool his worldly goods in the common fund, is often because the other fellow has many things which he himself has not.

Mr. Scheffer, drawing a comparison between Lenin and Stalin, describes the former as essentially a man of order, even when destructive, the latter as an individual who puts his per-

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NEXT WEEK

DEPRESSION TROUBLES, by Ernest F. DuBrul, considers all those debtor relief plans which may be grouped under the two propositions: "first, that the debtor shall not suffer the full consequences of fulfilling his contract, and second, that the creditor shall pay for the debtor's mistakes as well as for the creditor's own mistakes." The writer points to the fact that excessive credit—which is also excess debt—is the cause both of booms and depressions, and cites needed banking reforms. . . . A CATHOLIC DAILY, by Joseph F. Healy, questions on the basis of experience and existing examples, whether a daily newspaper for Catholics — something which has been much spoken of—would not tend to an isolating Catholic sectarianism and defeat the very ends devoutly wished for by those to whom the idea of a Catholic daily is dear. . . . THESES AND TEACHERS by the Reverend Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., proposes that higher academic degrees should be granted only to those scholars who would speak publicly and would undergo oral tests of their competence to express their views and to defend them before an audience; rather than that they should be granted as they are now, solely for theses written in the vernacular and too often lacking self-expression and stylistic charm. . . . FACTORS IN IRISH AFFAIRS, by Padraic Colum, continues the discussion of history in the making at present in Ireland. This will be followed, week after next, by a paper, THE IRISH LAND ANNUITIES, by Diarmaid O Cruadhlaoich, which is a statement by a former member of the Supreme Court of Dail Eireann of Mr. De Valera's position on the much mooted subject of the annuities.

sonal strength and power above everything else, even those Communistic principles he is supposed to defend. But these principles, Mr. Scheffer assures us, are only ideas. Since immemorial times the curse of Russia has been the pursuit of an idea to the bitter end, without any practical knowledge of its possible consequences. It was an idea which sent the Decembrists to the scaffold; it as an idea that killed Alexander II; it was an idea that caused all the revolutionary outbreaks in Russia, even the last one.

Mr. Scheffer's book is inexorable in its description of the evils of the Soviet régime. It proves beyond a doubt the impossibility of its endurance as it is today. But at the same time it brings before our eyes the picture of a Russia now so devoid of moral resources that it is unable to better itself.

The two most important chapters in this remarkable book are those describing the march of Russia into Asia, and the account of Germany's experiences with Soviet Russia. In the latter, especially, Mr. Scheffer finds himself at home. And his conclusion is that in the rapprochement which took place between Germany and the Soviet government, it was the former who was duped. Each wanted to use the other to its own advantage, but Russia held the trumps and it played them remarkably well.

Mr. Scheffer claims that Stalin's death or his defeat by his enemies would cause a terrible crisis for Bolshevism. Stalin's disappearance would necessitate Russia's seeking something—note I do not say someone—to replace him, and it is impossible to say what this would be. Mr. Scheffer's remarkable book deserves to be studied with close attention, if for nothing else than for its conclusion. This conclusion is that whatever may be the end of the Five-Year Plan, and all the other enterprises of the Soviets, whether they succeed or fail, the world will still be confronted by the danger that at the end of their gigantic leap, the Russians may land on its head!

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

The Scholastic Dilemma

Education and the Social Crisis, by William Heard Kilpatrick. New York: Liveright. $1.25.

THE CURRENT economic low-water mark has led to searchings of heart in many quarters. A multitude of prophets, noticeably in Europe, see in the present crisis the bankruptcy and death-knell of capitalism. Such Cassandra cries are less audible in the United States, outside of Socialist and Communist oratory. In the present booklet Professor Kilpatrick presents the viewpoint of the intelligent and responsible educator who attempts to trace the evils back to their source and then offers his own program as a remedy.

The "custos-quid-de-nocte" consciousness has arrived in this case also at "planning." But Dr. Kilpatrick's solutions are not merely those of the technocrat. At heart he is more of a philosopher of life than an economist. He takes issue with the traditional business philosophy of "rugged individualism" and desires to displace it by a planning technology which should achieve economic security for all. As professor of education his emphasis is on the social side, the social conditions which our economic and political ineptitudes and faults have created. He minces no words in his indictment of the ruinous self-interest of business and the shameful corruption in politics. The chief evils resulting from this "civil war of part against part" are largely social-moral. The people suffer from an "anti-social miseducation," and what makes it worse is the fact that many have become so habitually settled in their attitude

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toward the prevailing system that they have become mentally petrified.

In his program of salvation Dr. Kilpatrick first calls on education to become aware of its responsibilities in the interest of civilization. Expert teachers should assume their rightful rôle of leaders in their various fields of endeavor. Secondly, education, like business, must abandon its individualism and become socially minded. This new democratization is held to be incompatible with our present system of competition and its quantitative awards. Thirdly, "we must inaugurate an epoch-making system of adult education, newly conceived to meet the actual confronting situation." The customary references to Fascist Italy and Communist Russia then follow. The author also finds the depression a most helpful factor for the spirit of inquiry. And finally, he suggests a complete revision of our whole school system in order to bring it closer to life and its many problems. The "New School" will concentrate more on vocational guidance and social planning. In short, education is to become more Socialistic in the literal meaning of that word.

Thoughtful educators will gladly and gratefully agree with Dr. Kilpatrick in his castigation of the blatant evils in our public and economic life as well as with his endeavors to readjust ourselves educationally to changed social situations. Nor can this possibly be achieved on any grounds except the realization of social responsibility. But the thoughtful educator will also notice that the proposed program meets his necessary demands but half-way. It must seem to him more a battle with symptoms than an attempt at a radical cure.

Mention is made of "the breakdown in the moral structure of society," but we are left in the dark as to what a moral structure should be like, and what were the deeper causes which brought about the breakdown. One fails to see how the individual's self-interest, which is admittedly responsible for most of the enumerated ills, can become the save-all by mere multiplication, i.e., by a conversion into group interest. The selfishness of groups is not one bit less baneful than that of the individual, it would seem to observers of nationalism, industrialism and party politics. It would be a great help to know the author's definition of "moral." If it is the same as Dr. John Dewey's who reduces morality to sociality, it is a flagrant case of begging the question, because society is but what the individuals make it. The standard of morality must be single and objective, the same singleness and objectivity for justice as there is for truth. Dr. Kilpatrick seems to feel the force of this where he argues for the recognition of the rights and welfare of the community as against the selfishness of capitalism. But he expresses it misleadingly when he says that there is "another kind of honesty" than the old-fashioned one.

The need for a clear basis in philosophy for such a program as the one outlined by Professor Kilpatrick is recognized by him although he makes no attempt to supply it or to look for it. In the absence of such a philosophy of life one may well wonder how his students are to be "intelligently critical of our and their social life and institutions." Nor should it be so easily assumed that a recognition of evils or methods of reform necessarily bring about the desired improvement. In these things there has often been a confusion of means and ends. Let us, by all means, reform our educational system to meet present-day requirements of social needs, but let us also be sure of the ground on which such reforms proceed as well as the correct goal. This is particularly pertinent with regard to the economic situation. It is a sad and comfortless satisfaction for the Catholic moralist to recall that he did always denounce and

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reject the laissez-faire philosophy of industrialism. For generations he was considered a heretic and a back-number with such views. Today he recalls again how education, during those times was dominated by natural science and the pedagogical philosophy of Rousseau, the individualist. Perhaps there is now an equal danger of allowing our present system of education to be dominated by economics which would be but another approach to the same goal of agnosticism and materialism. If the science of economics is to be the pole around which other branches of knowledge must obediently take their course, it will remind us partly of the Israelites worshiping the Golden Calf—although one should imagine that the idol, "Prosperity," had been found to possess feet of clay—and partly of the futility of running around in circles.

GREGORY FEIGE.

Mary Austin Remembers

Earth Horizon, by Mary Austin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

TWENTY-FOUR books by Mary Austin are listed in the forefront of her new book, which is her autobiography. Only the creative spirit itself can know how many ideas, or dreams, even definite plans for other books, may be forming or already formed in Mary Austin's mind. There is no American writer whose range of subject-matter and variety of literary forms are greater or more varied than hers. She has written poetry, plays, novels, short stories, essays, sociological studies, religious enquiries. The sheer bulk of her work alone is astounding—its high quality as well—especially when you know, as the story of her life now reveals, with what great difficulties of bad health, of domestic circumstances, of pioneering enterprises, of trail-breaking rather than of trail-following, she had to deal. Moreover, she has never been content simply to be a writer, and to leave to her books alone the task of communicating her influence. She has lectured from one end of the country to the other. She has formed committees and societies to effect many purposes initiated by herself, and been an active worker in association with other groups striving for ends with which she has been in sympathy. It would be hard to name another American since Walt Whitman who has combined so consistently and powerfully a passion for coöperative action, for the unity of communal, of national spirit and action, with the development and expression of personality.

Her story explains all this, as well as the ever-inexplicable operations of the mystery of human genius can be explained. The first two sections of the book, which is the most valuable portion, deals with Mary Austin's childhood and youth in rural Illinois. Her father was an English immigrant, the descendant of a family of yeoman stock. Her mother's family went back to colonial origins. Glancing briefly yet comprehensively at her ancestral influences, she distills into these pages the essence of Middle Western life, from the time the pioneers moved over the Eastern mountains into the vast country of the Central plains, until the day when Mary Austin left the flat lands and went westward among those mountains and valleys and colored deserts which were to reveal to her the ever-receding, ever-beckoning horizon of her mystical quest.

For that is what her whole life has been, and still is: a searching after something ever elusive; something given many names, but no name is ever quite the revealing Word. No writer has more patiently, more scientifically, sought after the facts of American life. Her interest in the geography, the geology, the biology, the psychology, the religion, of the land

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of her birth and of her love, its earth, its plants, its animals, its human beings, has been prodigious, and her labor in accumulating knowledge has been commensurate with her spiritual interest. All the phenomena of matter have mattered tremendously to her: yet so, equally—or nearly so—has the Spirit. The whole problem of Mary Austin and her work centers on the question as to whether indeed they matter equally, or only almost so. Has she really been drawn by the enchantment of her quest into the pantheistic path that leads fatally to the deadliest illusion possible; or does she escape by a hairbreadth the abyss of that false identification of matter and spirit, of the Creator and the created, which is pantheism, and which is the ultimate peril that menaces all nature-mystics? This reviewer would say, "Yes; she does escape; there is something in the soul of this heroic woman, this great artist, something that is so deep a love for love itself, that it can never yield itself wholly into the hands of the angel of death. She is so true an artist, that false names cannot ultimately deceive her; she still seeks the Word; the earth horizon cannot limit that quest; this story is not complete; it is a tale told by the camp-fire, during a pause in her pilgrimage."

Anyhow, it is a rich, profound and deeply interesting tale. It is full of many irritations for the reader to whom (or so I believe) Mary Austin matters most: the reader who knows that her mystical quest finds its true material in her poetry, her desert and mountain stories and essays, and who thinks that her contacts with mere literary people, mere scribes of this world, are a waste of her time and talent, turning her aside from her quest. All in all, however, "Earth Horizon" is a book of first-class importance.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

American History

The March of Democracy, by James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is not a professor of history nor a researcher, but a historian, as is indicated by "The March of Democracy" quite as much as by his earlier works. He knows American history from its masters, its monumental volumes, its research dissertations and monographs and its pictured portrayal. He has the power of assimilation and selection. He writes from a well-stored background, but leaves out of his narrative the clogging details that the layman so dislikes. He has a philosophy of history which does not obtrude but which is woven into the story and offers a coherent thread.

He combines the art of writing, and he is not confined to the narrative form, with the stored mind of a historical reader who is not bound by an epoch or a geographical section. Therefore Adams is read, as Belloc, let us say, is read, or as Bancroft, Prescott or Parkman were read by an earlier and probably a more discerning public. To be read, history must be literature, even though it should be studied as a science in seminars, archives and libraries by scholars and researchers.

This does not mean that good research is not well written. But too much passes for research in the form of pedestrian dissertations written by students with a vocational and not a professional objective. Much has been done to kill historical reading, but of late years there is a growing school of whom James T. Adams is a leader, which is making this a most interesting branch of literature without sacrificing honesty, accuracy or unbiased detachment.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

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Briefer Mention

Peter Ashley, by DuBose Heyward. New York: Farrar and Rhinehart. $2.50.

THOSE who flee because of sad experiences from novels laid in the Civil War South should bury their fears and read "Peter Ashley." For Mr. Heyward has taken all the long-used elements of such fiction and fused them into a work of beauty and truth. He has alloyed history with romance, but neither unduly intrudes on the story of youth converted to waging war. Foster-fathered by his uncle, Pierre Chardon, a Unionist, Peter is sent to Europe for four years. He return to Charlestown to witness the unsuccessful Federal attempt at relieving Fort Sumter. He was poorly prepared, either intellectually or emotionally, for the life awaiting him in a transformed city. There his family and his friends took for granted his immediate enlistment and his failing this expectation is met with the placid assurance of its eventual fulfilment. If he had been forced by a too active public opinion, Peter might have rebelled against rebellion; treated kindly, his social adherence to his class led inevitably to his espousal of its political credo. Patriotism won, as it so often does, through ideals directed into intermediate and gracious channels from which all forewarnings of tragedy are eliminated. One turns from the book with deep admiration for Mr. Heyward's inclusion of all the psychological implications without overemphasis; for his pithy and keen recapturing of the spirit of a vanished culture; for his effective analysis of a people, near fanatic in their principles; and for the charm and brilliance of his style.

East of Eden, by Isa Glenn. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

SO REMOTE are Miss Glenn's characters from average life that time spent with them resembles a visit to a zoo, if not a lunatic asylum. For "East of Eden" dwells on that group of celebrities and pseudo-celebrities who constantly make the rounds of literary teas and those parties given by its own inner circle. In revelation of unnecessary futilities, of clever bitternesses, of screamed vindictivenesses, of unceasing malice, of blatant egoism masking as frankness or self-expression, and ab " of posturing antics, the picture is ruthlessly complete. The book would have been made more highly entertaining if there had been less insistence on a theme with a predetermined ending.

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